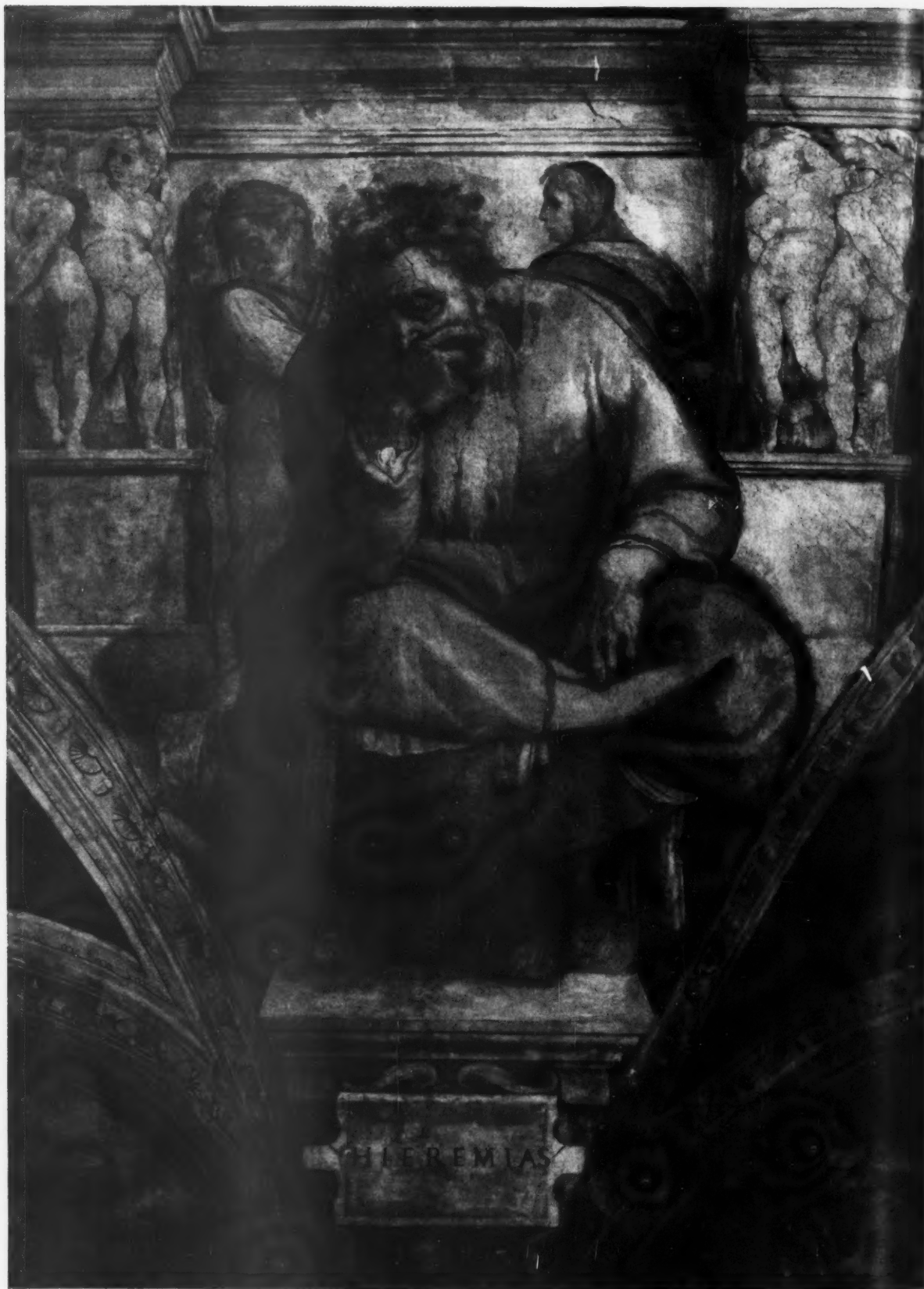


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(For description see page 2)

From the Sistine Chapel, Rome

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The nationally-known PENMAN recently introduced a brand new fountain pen. It's the popular-shaped model, backed by a guarantee of life service and has most of the features formerly found only on high-priced pens. Because of the national emergency, the supply of rubber and steel for essential parts of this wonderful pen is limited and the stock of pens on hand must be closed out. So, through special arrangements, this nationally-advertised fountain pen is priced amazingly low to our readers for quick clearance. Regulation size, it is a real beauty. It has 14K, gold-plate military clip that meets army and navy regulations... visible ink supply gauge... 14K, gold-plate velvet smooth pen point that writes bold or fine, as you prefer. To fill this amazing fountain pen, just use the famous push-button filler. Instantly your pen holds enough ink to write thousands of words. The barrel is in the new, everlasting pearl colors, beautiful and strong. You have your choice of a variety of popular colors. For a wonderful guaranteed fountain pen like this you might expect to pay \$2... \$3... \$4! At even \$5, a year or so ago, this amazing fountain pen would have been a real bargain.

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Yes, the coupon below entitles you to one or two of these nationally advertised Push-Button Fountain Pens for only 59c (two for \$1)... and for prompt action your full name will be imprinted on your pens without charge! This is the one advertising bargain you can't pass up! If you don't have a fountain pen now, this is your chance to get a life service pen for only 59c and get your full name in gold letters imprinted on it free. But you must act promptly. The supply, due to the national emergency, is definitely limited. Don't wait—clip the coupon and mail it today sure.

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Send Two (2) brand new Push-Button Fountain Pens with names imprinted on pens as checked below. On arrival I will deposit \$1.00 plus postage charges with postman on the understanding these fountain pens are backed by a guarantee of life service... also I can return the pens for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

IMPRINT NAME ON PEN (Print Plainly)

☐ Matching Automatic Pencil, full name imprinted FREE, ONLY 39c
☐ Send order, postage prepaid, enclosed find \$.....
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CHECK COLOR: Green, Gray, Brown, Burgundy (red), Black.

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The price is only 59c each, C.O.D. (2 for \$1).

JEREMIAH

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

(Florentine School)

IN THE flower of his physical and mental development, and ready to acknowledge no limit to his capacities, Michelangelo agreed to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel for Pope Julius II. The magnitude of the undertaking can hardly be conveyed by words; there were ten thousand feet of plaster to be painted—not merely covered, but organized into an architectural design calling for 343 figures, some 225 of which ranged from ten to eighteen feet in height. For nearly four years he was the Pope's prisoner. Day after day he lay on his back, his head swathed in a towel, and with astounding delicacy of finish painted the creation and fall of man, the collective effects to be seen from below at a distance of sixty feet.

This architectural design combines single figures and groups of figures in compartments opening into the vault of heaven, with God the Father, a majestic being who, in spite of his tremendous bulk, sails lightly through space, impelled by some celestial means of locomotion. The gigantic representations include the temptation of man and his expulsion from Paradise, rows of prophets and sybils, athletic nudes bursting with vitality, and episodes symbolical of the redemption. In this world, heaven's—and art's—first law is wonderfully observed, and the danger of overpowering monotony avoided by the diversity of postures and by changes in the scale and numbers of the figures grouped together.

The decorations in the Sistine Chapel constitute the greatest singlehanded work of art that man has ever produced. So transcending is this achievement that it reduces most of the paintings of the world to miniatures and granulated fragments. As art rises to the pinnacle of human capacities, it must stand or fall, in size, power and importance, by comparison with the Sistine decorations. Consider the *Jeremiah*. If this patriarch should spread his arms, the momentum generated would atomize a whole breed of Darwinian mortals. He is, it is needless to say, a member of the Florentine artist's race of supermen, a figure created with such omnipotent mastery as to defy attempts to reproduce its simple volumes and condensed powers; in attitude and expression the Lord's prophet and Michelangelo's spokesman, meditating his lamentations on the doomed human race.



NUMBER ONE, SECOND SERIES

With this issue, *Christian Herald* starts the second series of reproductions of the world's greatest religious paintings. Many of them will be by the old Italian Masters, such as Giotto, Fra Angelico, Raphael and Botticelli. All of them are valuable beyond price. Accompanying each reproduction will be a description of the painting and something about the artist, by Thomas Craven, noted art critic.

We are able to present this feature to *Christian Herald* readers through an arrangement with Simon & Schuster, Publishers of "The Treasury of Art Masterpieces."

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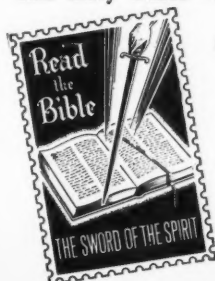
To win the war all must help the Government by buying defense bonds and stamps. Christian people are convinced that it is absolutely essential that Christ shall win the peace.

To accomplish this, one of the best ways is through the greatly increased circulation of the one book—The Holy Bible—where God's way is

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MARCH, 1942

CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN

Chapel Window, Alma College
From the Stovall Studios, Alma, Mich.

MASTERPIECES OF ART—MICHELANGELO

By Thomas Craven PAGE 2

DR. POLING ANSWERS PAGE 4

NEWS DIGEST OF THE MONTH

By Gabriel Courier PAGE 7

PHOTO OF RIVERSIDE CHURCH DOOR PAGE 12

EDITORIAL

By Daniel A. Poling PAGE 13

GIBRALTAR—AND CALVARY

By Frank S. Mead PAGE 14

BEYOND THE PURPLE MOUNTAINS—A SERIAL. PART I

By Marietta Carter PAGE 17

SAMUEL YELLIN—BLACKSMITH

By F. A. Collins PAGE 20

CHER AMI

By Richard Maxwell PAGE 22

WHUNG OF CHUNGKING

By Lowell Thomas PAGE 24

PADDLEWHEELS CHURNING—VI

By Anne Tedlock Brooks PAGE 26

YOUTH FINDS A NEW ROAD TO RELIGION

By Ralph Wallace PAGE 28

BEING SURE OF GOD—A SERMON

By Ralph W. Sockman PAGE 30

EUROPE UNDER FIRE

By Daniel A. Poling PAGE 32

KEEPING NORMAL

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher PAGE 34

TO BUILD OR NOT TO BUILD

By E. M. Conover PAGE 36

"J. D."

By Henry Hitt Crane PAGE 37

DAILY MEDITATIONS

By J. W. G. Ward PAGE 38

MOTION PICTURE COMMENTS

By Howard Rushmore PAGE 40

THE COUNTRY PREACHER SAYS

By George B. Gilbert PAGE 41

MEAT LOAVES FOR CHURCH SUPPERS

By Clementine Paddleford PAGE 44

ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares PAGE 51

FROM A GARDEN NOTEBOOK

By Donald H. Kingery PAGE 52

NEW BOOKS TO READ

By Daniel A. Poling PAGE 54

COMMENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS FOR S. S. TEACHERS

By Stanley B. Vandersall PAGE 61

WE OPEN OUR MAIL

By Paul Maynard PAGE 62

AFTER ALL PAGE 64

OUR PLATFORM

Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace; that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity; that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance; that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like World.



DOCTOR POLING Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

We are making a special effort to increase Sunday School attendance and membership. Someone suggested this plan: The names of all persons having a satisfactory attendance record are to be placed on slips and put in a box. Each month one name would be drawn. The lucky person would receive a dollar bill or a similar reward. Do you think this is right?

Answer:

The question answers itself. Any Sunday School that uses this or a similar scheme to secure attendance would better become a moving-picture theater—it completely misses the purpose of its mission.

Question:

Will God save a man against his will? I have prayed for a friend of mine for some time, but as long as he has no desire to know Jesus Christ for His personal Saviour, is there any use in my continuing to pray for him?

Answer:

"Whosoever will may come." God surrendered voluntarily and finally something of His power when He gave free will to man. A man may choose—the humblest person may choose—may decide against God, and by so doing break the heart of the Heavenly Father. We cannot be saved against our will. We may choose not to be saved.

On the other hand, one should never stop praying because prayer changes will. We may exert through prayer a changing influence upon the will of a man. Never lose heart. Whatever the attitude now, that attitude may be changed. Again and again during the past winter we have seen wills changed as the result of prayer.

Question:

Can you suggest a list of topics for the group discussion of young people from 12 to 16 years of age? They are anxious

to lead their own meetings, but find it difficult to decide on the topics.

Answer:

Almost every society of young people, unless it has unusually capable leadership, needs the help of a good topic booklet or quarterly. After writing to the various publishing houses and securing samples, you should subscribe to the quarterly of your choice. Also, you could secure a list of books and other helps on any particular topic by writing to the same sources. By all means, consult with your pastor in planning your work, and ask him for the address of your own denominational publisher and director of youth activities.

Question:

A prominent clergyman in a sermon immediately following the attack on Pearl Harbor spoke vigorously against Japanese treachery. He then said that he could not conscientiously support military action but that he was offering his services to the civilian defense. That he would be willing and eager to take the most dangerous assignments, to join the squad digging out delayed bombs. This seems to me a presumptuous thing. If every man in the present crisis tells the government where he will and will not serve, we shall have not a defense but a debacle.

Answer:

I think as the one asking this question thinks. The government recognizes the status of the conscientious objector, but the government does not and cannot grant to the conscientious objector or to any other man the right to choose in the manner described. The conscientious objector must take what he gets just as the draftee, and he should go as called without the intrusion of likes, dislikes, whims and moods. Certainly, if there is an opportunity for him to enlist in a particular branch or service that is his privilege as it is the privilege of every other citizen.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

Question:

Recently in one of our denominational publications I read the following:

"1. Religion will become irrelevant in England after the war unless it is completely reorganized.

"2. In spite of the fact that the English people are exhibiting 'a great return to religion,' the churches are empty.

"3. If the Church wishes to hold its power with the people, then denominations will have to learn to work together.

"4. At the end of this war, there will be no class system."

What do you think?

Answer:

I disagree with the statements quoted, except in the last instance. I found religion in England already completely reorganized. Only visible forms remained and many of these were gone. Compare the attitude and program of British churches now with what they were saying and doing in the other World War and you are reassured.

Secondly, the churches that I visited were crowded to the doors. I went to church in London and in Plymouth. In London I heard the rector of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (I stood to hear him) pray for Germans and Italians. And more startling than the prayer was the unmistakable atmosphere of the congregation. You could feel the grand "amen." That was something.

In Plymouth, where all churches and other public buildings have been blasted, I saw literally thousands of people gathered in an outdoor religious service on Sunday afternoon that brought together Catholics, Protestants and Jews.

Third, I have already suggested that the denominations are working together. City Temple worships now in the Anglican Church of the Holy Sepulchre and, by the way, these church services are crowded. Of course, this particular incident is but a gesture, but it is that. Throughout Scotland, England and Wales, Christian unity is increasingly a visible and vital factor.

Fourth, the class system is rapidly disintegrating. Within both great political parties, Liberal and Conservative, are prophetic figures that unite in support of one class which shall be characterized by one superiority—the superiority of character.

Certainly no man knows the particulars of what will follow this war. But there is a chance to win the peace and to make the peace reasonably the peace of Christ. In the hope of that struggle and with the faith of Christ, I would do my bit and best.



Get behind the plow!

THE WORK of cultivating the tremendous field of spiritual illiteracy has been delegated to the national church organizations. That the field needs cultivation badly is borne out by the staggering fact that seventeen million boys and girls of school age have never attended a church school! Thousands more are indifferently taught. In the final analysis the plow that tills this fallow field is the local church. The support you give your own publishing house through your purchases of lesson materials will determine to a large extent the success of the far-flung cooperative "planting" program. For greatest efficiency, your purchasing power must be conserved and concentrated in the proper channels. Otherwise there is but faint hope of sharing together in an abundant harvest of souls for Christ. If YOUR church is not wholeheartedly "behind the plow," as determined by its patronage of your official publishing house, won't you reconsider this important matter today—call a meeting if necessary, get samples of the lesson materials, write to the address below.

This is a joint message from twenty-eight members of the Publishers Section of the International Council of Religious Education, for the purpose of promoting full cooperation between individual churches and their own publishing houses.



Action! If you will write to Publishers Section, P. O. Box 67, Chicago, Illinois, giving your name, address, national church affiliation, and office, you will be sent full details and prices of your own official publications.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
MARCH, 1942 VOL. 65, NO. 3

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MARCH 1942

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☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆
Blessed are they that give

“*For I was en-
 hungred, and
 ye gave me meat: I was
 thirsty, and ye gave me
 drink: I was a stran-
 ger, and ye took me in:*

¶ *“Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I
 was in prison, and ye came unto me. ¶ “Then shall the righteous
 answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee enhungred, and fed
 thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? ¶ “When saw we thee a
 stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? ¶ “Or
 when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? ¶ “And
 the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto*

*you, Inasmuch as ye
 have done it unto one of
 the least of these my
 brethren, ye have done
 it unto me.” — St. Matthew.
 25, 35-40.*

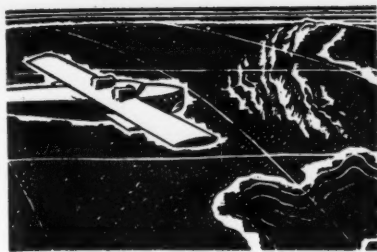
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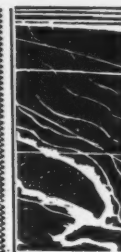
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This page contributed to the American Red Cross by the publishers



News Digest *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

SUBS: First it was the California Coast that was alarmed by the presence of enemy bombers from Japan; that fear died quickly. Now it is the Eastern Coast that is worrying over the presence of submarines from Germany. Those submarines have become a threat not only to tonnage but to morale—which is more important, for us.

Six ships went down last week. Surviving sailors tell wild tales: "They were around us like a school of fish;" or, "There was a whole flock of them; they have a mother-ship fueling them somewhere off the coast!" There are supposed to be three reasons for their presence: they came originally to get Churchill, they came to discourage Latin-American collaboration, and they came to scare American sailors from going to sea.

Maybe so, but if these were the real aims, all three have failed.

One naval expert reckons that there have been not more than twenty or thirty German subs in the whole Atlantic since the war began. This means, if his guess is a good one, that not more than one-fifth of that number at most could be assigned to sink ships off our coast. One of those subs might lie off the coast as long as sixty days, then be forced to replenish her fuel tanks and her ammunition chambers. And it is not likely that a "mother ship" stationed to supply them with oil and torpedoes could very long keep out of the way of the American navy. Naval planes seek them by day, fast Navy and Coast Guard boats equipped with listening devices hunt them by night. The harbors of America are the best-protected harbors in the world, and each passing week means that they are better protected. Chances are two hundred to one against the foreign sub.

It counts up to this, in our estimation: the German sub picking at American shipping is a sparrow picking at a mountain. Such long-range U-boating is distinctly not worth the price it demands in sunken subs. It will go on, but it will never be a major phase of the war.

DEATH TO OPM: The Office of Production Management is no more. Created in 1940 to coordinate production in the defense output, it has been subordinated since last August to the Supply Priorities and Allocations Board. Now it gives way to—one man, who is the most powerful man in Washington next to the President of the United States.

That man is the big six-foot former Sears, Roebuck executive, Donald Nelson, who drives a second-hand Packard and behind whose big desk is the motto, "A Year From Today What Will We Wish We Had Done Today?" He starts work at 8:30 and is often still working after midnight. In place of OPM he has set up a six-department WPB (War Production Board) which includes these names and jobs:

Purchases: Douglas MacKeachie of the A & P.

Production: W. H. Harrison of the A. T. & T.

Materials: William L. Batt of SKF Industries.

Industry Operations: J. S. Knowlson of Stewart-Warner.

Labor: Sidney Hillman of Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union.

Civilian Supply: Leon Henderson, economist.

That means action—the action we've been longing for. At last we have American production in the hands of one fast-working production genius!

TRAVEL: Mr. Nelson travels in his old Packard, Mr. Leon Henderson, according to the newsreels, rides a bicycle to work (carrying his secretary on the handlebars!) and Mr. Ordinary Citizen is leaving the family car more and more in the garage and riding shanks' mare or the railroads. The railroads are becoming more or less frantic trying to keep up with the rush.

Even the air travelers have been confined pretty largely to the military; at least the civilian must wait until the officers have their reservations; if there are any seats left over, O.K. The rail-

roads are riding the others. Pullmans are being converted into coaches—which means a shortage of sleeping-berths. Busses are coming off scenic trips for commuter-service. And last month the railroad men got a ten per cent fare increase from Washington. The poor citizen, forced to ride more and more like cows in a box-car, pays ten per cent more for the privilege!

We don't like that. With freight doubled and tripled, the railroads certainly aren't perishing for want of business. It's too much like labor staging a strike when management can't help itself—only here the shoe is on the other foot. Management takes advantage of a crisis!

PEARL HARBOR: Well, now we know: hard-boiled, hard-to-impress, clear-spoken Associate Justice Roberts and his Commission to investigate the fiasco of Pearl Harbor have spoken, and placed the blame squarely on the shoulders of the two men in command: Admiral Kimmel and General Short. The army and navy can go on from there with courts-martial against these ranking officers, if they see fit and have time for it. But courts-martial will not bring the dead back to life.

We've heard a few Americans mutter "Hang 'em," and a few more sympathize a bit, secretly, with the plight of two high officers whose careers and reputations have blown up so suddenly, after years of faithful service. But that isn't important. Not what we do about Kimmel-Short but what we do about the lessons we learned at Pearl Harbor is what matters. On the whole the public has taken both the disaster and the Roberts report quite calmly. There is no wild cry for punishment of the culprits. We temper anger with compassion and we ask, "What now?" The Navy has pulled in its belt, licked its wounds, used Pearl Harbor as a school and as a spring-board for action in Macassar Straits.

All this, Tokyo did not expect as a result of Pearl Harbor. Tokyo figured it the other way: fear and hysteria for the

American public, a crippled, cringing fleet for the Navy. It gives Tokyo no quiet dreams that Pearl Harbor has paid off in an energy and determination it didn't expect. Nothing Japan could have done could have united this country so much as that one Sunday morning over Hawaii.

The culprits can wait. The war can't.

MacARTHUR: Before we leave the Pacific, let's look at a hero. He is probably the most talked-of man in America, in spite of his rather terrible predicament. General Douglas MacArthur has even roused cheers in Commons.

He fights what looks to be an impossible battle. This morning the papers say he has thrown back another Japanese attack in which his forces were outnumbered ten to one. His losses, in comparison, were "trivial." Trivial, but probably irreplaceable. A thousand Japanese soldiers dead near Manila can be replaced; one American soldier dead cannot be replaced. It is only a matter of melancholy arithmetic to figure out just how long this can go on.

Unless a military miracle happens, MacArthur cannot win. The Japanese command all avenues of approach to his forces, over which help might arrive. We must accept the bad news that he is fighting a delaying action, and that he himself probably has no illusions about winning a decisive victory with the men and material he now has in hand. But every day he holds them off gives the other forces of the United States another day to strike hard elsewhere.

There is a hue and cry now to "Get MacArthur out. He is too good a man to lose!" Right. We think he will be brought out, in time. We believe the men in command at Washington are in closer touch with the Philippine affair than we civilians are; we believe they will not let the most brilliant strategist in the American army go by default, or surrender. And we still believe that it is just barely possible that we may be seeing soon a brilliant maneuver to get help through to the hero that will be the major naval surprise of the war.

RUBBER: Wars always prove the old adage that "Necessity is the mother of invention." That is happening now, in the matter of rubber. Something tells us that when this cruel war is over we will not be riding on rubber automobile tires.

A man high in Washington has announced that within eighteen months factories producing a worthy substitute for rubber tires will be running full blast, and that we ordinary mortals will then be able to stop worrying about it. That's no dream, no politician's opium. If by any chance we cannot get that rubber out of South America (enough, we have said earlier, to make up for lost Java-and-Singapore rubber) we shall have a synthetic material quite as good as the real thing.

As a matter of fact, a big American industry has been experimenting with this plastic for years, and we learn (off the record!) that wear-and-tear experiments on this plastic have revealed that it is even *better* than rubber! Once that synthetic is perfected, all that remains is quick mass-production to overcome one of the first great pressing civilian emergencies of the war. And it is in mass production that America shines.

So stop worrying. Two years from now we'll be wondering why we ever used rubber, anyway. In the meantime we can walk. It will do us good. We ride too much. We are clutch-soft. Take the air, America: you need it!

BLOC: Food prices are up twenty-five per cent and going higher! Economists are claiming that you can blame the farm bloc for that. In the light of this country's predicament, the bloc is hard to understand.

Last May the Government granted non-recourse loans to farmers equal to eighty-five per cent of "parity." (Wheat, for instance, got non-recourse loans at an average of ninety-eight cents per bushel, in contrast to sixty-five cents for the year before.) Government *payments* equaled eighteen cents per bushel as against nineteen cents a year before. Still unsatisfied, the farm bloc in Congress prevented for six months the passage of the bill presented by the Administration's forces to fix a ceiling over prices of farm products.

Agriculture this year will get more than \$1,100,000,000 plus another \$500,000,000 in lease-lend funds allocated to the purchase of farm products. And the bloc still fights tooth and nail to help build up food prices in the wholesale markets.

There may be angles here hard for ye editor, who is a city man, to understand. But this much he does understand: we have here the amazing paradox of rising food prices at the very moment that we have on hand a record supply of food-stuffs! It seems to us time for the farm bloc to quit rolling pork-barrels and get into the war.

HYPOCRITES: A Mrs. Carr has turned up in a Methodist Church in New Jersey as the No. 1 confidence woman of the nation; the F.B.I. uncovers a record of crime dating back to 1891. Her "take" over her life spent in crime is estimated at a million dollars; since marrying the unsuspecting Methodist, Mr. Carr, in 1936, she has cheated unsuspecting people in New Jersey, (while she posed as a local Lady Bountiful and dispensed her money freely to charity) of some \$100,000.

It all made headlines, all over the country. Prominent in the newspaper write-ups was always the fact that her husband was a trustee in a Methodist Church, and that she herself was prominent in the work of the Church. And

there was the inevitable sneer: "Uh-huh. Another one of those church hypocrites!"

Mrs. Carr used her church affiliation as a shield for her crime. You can't blame the church for *that*. Personally, we see no more reason for mentioning her church membership so prominently than we see for mentioning the fact that she was a Republican or a Democrat or a member of the Eastern Star.

The real "pay-off" came when Mrs. Carr announced that she would spend her time in prison writing a book on "the hypocrites she had met in the church!" If that isn't enough to make the cynics think again, then they will never think.

BOOKS: The report on what America read in 1941 is now made public by the publishers. In 1941 they issued 1,299 new novels out of a total of 9,337 books. Believe it or not, that is a decrease: in 1931 there were 10,307 books, of which 1,942 were new novels. It might be encouraging if we could believe that in 1941 we got fewer and better novels, but so far as this reporter is concerned they were only longer novels.

Sociological-economic books continue to increase. Naturally. There's a war going on. And poetry is also on the increase. That's hopeful, if we want to keep a balance.

Sorry—we have at hand no statistics on religious books. The report neglected that.

A B R O A D

EAST: Once in a while we read a full column on Russia; we give polite attention to Libya and we scarcely read through a paragraph on the RAF over France—but we read avidly every scrap of news from the Far East. Especially are we Far-East minded since Mr. Churchill has warned of more reverses to come east of Suez.

It seems improbable to this editor that the British can hold Singapore; it seems quite probable to him that the Allies may even lose the Dutch East Indies, though that will be harder for Japan to conquer. Three years ago your correspondent was in Singapore; then, it seemed secure. British officers smiled tolerantly when we even hinted that some day the Japanese might take that bastion of Britain; they felt secure—smugly secure. One Englishman, they said, could take care of ten Japanese. But, as one British trooper recently remarked, "Now there are eleven Japanese!"

What's happened here is that we have completely underestimated Japan's striking power. We say "We," including the

United States as well as Britain: Remember Pearl Harbor! Unless tremendous reinforcements are piled into Malaya, Malaya is lost. If it is lost, heaven only knows how long it will take to beat Japan—and her Axis master to the West.

Winning all that, Japan will no longer be penned within the China Sea; she will have the only major air and naval base in the area, leaving us with only Hawaii for an invasion springboard; she will find the East Indies an easy prey, and with the Indies she will take ninety per cent of our rubber and tin and she will have ample oil (after six months re-drilling) to supply her needs for a long, long time to come. It isn't a very pleasant picture.

Reinforcements, as we go to press, are beginning to get there. The American air and naval arms are outshooting the Japanese with rather deadly effect in the Celebes Straits, RAF and Americans are taking a fearful toll around Burma. This much is already plain: given an *equal* chance against Japan, Tommy Atkins and the Yank will sweep the decks in quick order. Japan knows that. She knows she must get Malaya in a hurry or get it not at all. Hers is a war of desperation. Ours is a war of time, delaying action and strategic retreat until help gets there.

Pull in your belt and keep thumbs up. There will be more defeats, but keep this clear: even if Japan gets everything in the Pacific, she will lack the one vital necessity to win this war: the ability to replenish her losses and *produce the machinery of war*. That she simply cannot do!

CHINA: Changsha is lost to the Japanese, at tremendous cost. A Chinese army has hiked afoot over 1,000 miles to fight in Burma. Another Chinese army fought back of Kowloon. Not bad, for a Chiang Kai-shek who was widely advertised in Japan a year ago as "completely annihilated."

The Chinese' amazing demonstration is the result of a two-sided tactic: they have traded space for time, and they have pursued a scorched-earth policy. They have given up territory—of which they have plenty—and saved their armies; they have "stalled" until Japan found herself forced to take on another major enemy in America, and now that this enemy has entered the fray, the "heat is off" in China, and her armies face depleted Japanese forces, and victories have begun to pile up in Chiang's bag.

If Japan gets Malaya, there will of course be a return of large-scale attack on China. But in the meantime Chiang will have moved into better positions, built new fortresses, reaped new crops and trained yet another fresh army and generally have strengthened his position. Even the cutting of the Burma Road—a possibility becoming more and more



START CUTTING—AND CUT DEEP

remote as more and more American and British flyers arrive—will not offset this gain.

We have always been and still are of the opinion that Japan will *never* whip China.

THORN: There is a thorn in Japan's side that few people see: it is Vladivostok. Why did the Nipponese flyers pass up Vladivostok and travel thirty-five times further from their bases to get at Pearl Harbor? Answer: Vladivostok is all but impregnable, and on a constant alert.

Vladivostok is one of the finest natural harbors in the world; it is the strongest naval fortress in the East, next to Singapore; it is a strong industrial center and it takes a modern long-range bomber less than two hours to hop the Sea of Japan to Tokyo and Yokohama.

The Japanese once held Vladivostok—from April 6, 1918 to October 25, 1922, when they were there with the British. They left no friends behind them; the city hates Japan. And Japan is more afraid of that city than she is of any-

thing else in the world. For what would happen to the cities of Nippon if a gigantic fleet of American bombers were really to take off from Vladivostok?

Put this in your note-book: the name "Vladi-vostok" means "Rule the East!"

RUSSIA: Why hasn't Russia opened Vladivostok to the Americans? The great reason is that Russia already has a man-sized war on her hands; she must finish one enemy before taking on another. She is doing a very good job of that, right now.

A few short months ago the Germans had nothing but scorn for the "sardine cans on tractors" which were the Russian tanks, for the "1936 vintage kites" which were Russian planes. But read the German communiques now, and you find a different tone. Dr. Goebbels has warned his people that they face a Russia of "superior equipment" as well as of inestimable man-power. The "Mongol half-wit," as Hitler dubbed him, is crushing the "superior" Nazi everywhere. Mozhaik, the last keystone of the German salient, is lost; the Valdai offense threat-

ens his flank. Hitler is said to have moved his headquarters all the way back to the Polish border.

Is it winter alone that has done this? We doubt it. When the Russian affair started, we doubted in this column that the Russian soldier could hold out very long against the hitherto unconquerable Nazi machine. We apologize for that. We were wrong. We say now that cold weather alone has not won this victory. The Russian has proved himself not only the bravest but the smartest soldier in Europe.

But let's not count our Russian chickens before they're hatched. The great test comes in the Spring, when we shall find out whether or not Hitler has enough strength left to stage his threatened Spring "terrible Blitz." At the moment we doubt that he has; we believe he has been hurt and hurt bad. But there is still no rout of his armies; it is still a *retreat*, which is different. And we must wait until Spring to read the last chapter.

BERLIN: This is Berlin, now. Ribbentrop is warning Germans that "it is useless to rebel against a dive-bomber." Badly crippled, hollow-eyed wounded from the Russian front are becoming a familiar sight on the streets. All warm clothing is being confiscated, hustled toward Moscow. Store-windows display attractive wares but the storekeepers are forbidden to sell them! The city seethes with rumors and more rumors and fewer rumors of strife between Hitler and his generals. General von Reichenau is dead of "apoplexy."

Is Germany at last breaking up? Careful how you say "at last." The dry-rot has set in, but the collapse may not be near. Germany has been piling up resources for years. Germany has all industrial Europe under her heel. Germany knows what will happen to her if she loses. So . . . Germany will fight to the last ditch.

LIBYA: Were you dismayed when you read of General Rommel's counter-attack in Libya? You need not be. This is to be expected. When you talk of Libya, take Malta into your picture. As many as seventeen air-raid alarms have sounded in Malta in a single day: the German strafing of the island is constant and terrifying—and as yet ineffective, except that it has prevented any large-scale RAF operations from that base. While Malta is busy fighting off the raids, a certain amount of Axis shipping is bound to get across to Tripoli.

Rommel, now, is more easily reinforced than the British. His bases are closer. He has managed to keep his forces together, in spite of having been driven all the way across the desert to the gates of Tripoli. And it is quite possible that, should adequate help arrive, he might be able to drive the British back across that desert! It would not surprise this editor to see them again at Sollum.

As we go to press the Rommel drive has been stopped. Ten days will tell whether it is a permanent stop, or not. We are intrigued by the fact that every news-dispatch we read mentions "increasing air reinforcements arriving for Rommel." Is *this* where Hitler sent his airmen when he pulled them out of Russia? If so, it is bad news.

UNITY: The advocates of Latin-American unity did not get all they asked for at the Inter-American Conference of Foreign Ministers at Rio de Janeiro, but they got more than they expected. There is now not only a better understanding between the Americas but a unity of thought and purpose and *action* that must be dismaying to Berlin-Rome-Tokyo.

The American break with the Axis is all but complete. (Remember that even before the Conference, the Western Hemisphere as far south as Colombia and Venezuela was either at war with or had already severed relations with the Axis.) The aim of the conference was to bring Argentina and Chile into that alignment.

The difficulties were not so much economic, or financial, as they have been during the years of peace, as they were difficulties of *delivery*. We mean delivery of goods. The objecting nations down there asked themselves, "Suppose we break clean with Hitler—what then?" Would war come? And were they ready for war? Could they defend that long coast? And, most important of all, could America and Britain get help (goods) to them in time, and keep the sea-lanes open? It is no small question. Wars nowadays are fought with *materials*, in vast quantities. Those nations south of us now signed on the dotted line have signed in full belief that the war will come their way, and that the United States is fully able to protect them.

For the U.S., the prizes of unity were large. There are 350,000 tons of Axis shipping interned in Latin-American harbors. There is enough rubber and tin in Brazil and Bolivia to completely offset the rubber and tin we shall lose in Java and Singapore! Further, there is the removal of South America as a landing-place for bombers from Dakar.

These may be selfish reasons, for both sides. Involved is something a lot more unselfish; a cultural, social and ever spiritual unity after the war. The delegates were also looking forward to that.

CHURCH NEWS

UNITED: Far and away the biggest news of the month is the drive of the International Council of Religious Education's United Christian Education Ad-

vance. Meeting at Chicago, in annual convention, the Council attracted one of the most significant gatherings of religious educators and experts in the history of American church school work; they laid the groundwork for the united advance, and if they are but fifty per cent successful in their efforts to unite Protestantism in this direction, it will be one of the greatest if not *the* greatest forward movement of the century.

Space requirements forbid an elaborate description of their plan here; it is enough to say that they are about to utilize not only the old avenues of publicity but the movies and the radio as well, to name only two. The church has waited for this—for an up-to-the-minute technique of religious instruction that will reach *all* of Protestantism and not a few well-equipped, favored sectors of it. It begins to look as if the Council were to do it.

We can cry "God bless the Sunday School!" with a whole heart. The time has come to use our whole *minds* on this problem. Twenty-seven million American youngsters are without any instruction in religion whatsoever. They are required to attend public school. Is arithmetic of more importance than the Gospel? Dare the church be guilty of a poorer methodology than the public school?

BLOOD: A most unusual pronouncement comes from the Federal Council—or should we say a most unexpected pronouncement? It deals with blood. To wit: "For the first time in the world's history, it is now possible for one to give his blood in the certain knowledge that it will save the lives of others without the loss of his own life. Methods which science has disclosed and which the American Red Cross now utilizes makes it possible to give blood in New York which may save life in China, or to give it in Seattle to save life in Iceland."

Most unusual. But why not? All questions of war aims and guilt aside, it is one of the bulwarks supporting our spirits in these days that men and women in the United States are offering themselves on operating-tables to save the life of some man or woman on the other side of the earth whom they have never seen. Greater love hath no man than this. . . .

So far as ye editor is concerned, so long as humanity goes on doing things like this, he still holds faith in humankind. Men are not what they seem; underneath, they are . . . different.

WHICH?: News Item 1: Some 200 Italian war prisoners held in Palestine have recently been taken on a tour of the holy places of Jerusalem and Bethlehem by their British captors. No, by *one* captor: their only guard was one lone Australian corporal. Not a man of the 200 tried to get away.

News item 2: The German armies in Russia (God pity them!) are so desperate

for warm clothing that an order has gone out from Berlin for the confiscation of all Jewish prayer shawls, fringe shawls and fur caps used in the synagogues.

Without rancor, we ask a question here, in the light of these two items. One side or the other will win this war. What have we to expect from either side, after the peace? Do these two items help us to make up our minds?

CLEANUP: Not by any stretch of the imagination could we call Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, noted pastor of Christ Church, New York, a militarist. He has fought consistently for peace. The other day he stated his position on the war thus:

"Every American should make his attitude that of a good policeman, with a grim job of clean-up and reform to attend to. That is what it actually amounts to. And the equipment of a good police officer does not include blind hatred."

Amen!

D.S.C.: Decorated for gallantry in action in MacArthur's army in the Philippines is Major Hall Trapnell. Your editor has to report that, for two good reasons: one is that he knows "Trap" well; the other is that the Major included Sunday School teaching in his course at West Point.

Star back on the Army football team, captain of the lacrosse team, Trapnell was altogether one of the real he-men of his day at the Point. There was a rumor around the Academy parade-ground to the effect that religion was somehow effeminate and that Sunday School teaching was "sissy" business. Trapnell decided to do something about that. He rounded up a crowd of boys, the sons of officers at the post—and started teaching them in a Sunday School class!

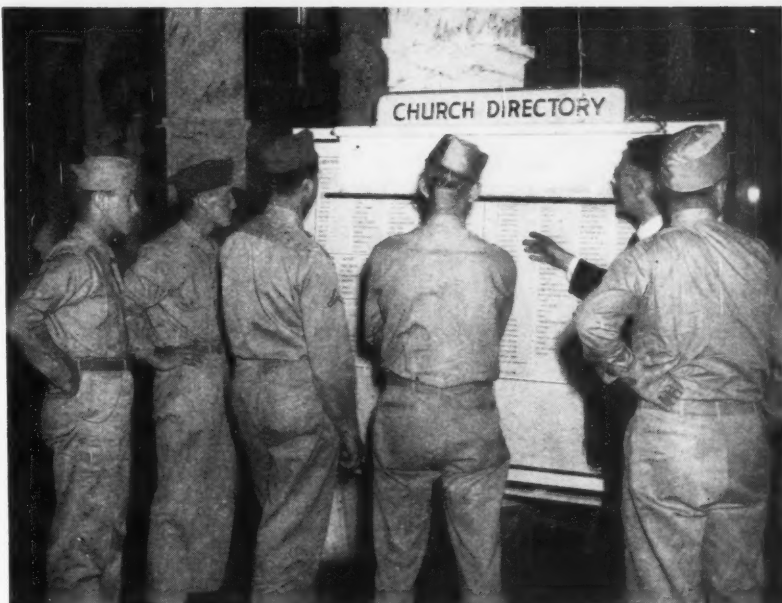
The rumors lost their punch. The Sunday School still goes on. Quite a man, Trap. May God bring him back.

ARCHBISHOP: The Archbishop of Canterbury, long too old for his post, has bowed to the inexorability of the calendar and resigned. Five men are in line for his job. They are, in order, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Chichester, the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Litchfield and the Bishop of London.

The King, under British law, will nominate the successor. Right now, it looks like York, but—there will be opposition to that. The Archbishop of York is a liberal; he is a leader for closer unity between non-Roman churches, is chairman of the World Council of Churches, and he was the guiding spirit in the Malvern Council.

Those recommendations and his liberal attitude in general have not made him exactly popular with conservative British churchmen. They will fight his appointment. If he gets it, watch for fireworks in the British church.

MARCH 1942



CHURCH DIRECTORIES, SUCH AS THE ONE SHOWN ABOVE, ARE A FAMILIAR SIGHT IN THE U.S.O. CENTERS WHICH THE Y.M.C.A. CONDUCTS. PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED, THEY ENUMERATE ACTIVITIES AND PROGRAMS OF ALL THE LOCAL CHURCHES. THEY ARE CAUSING INCREASING NUMBERS OF THE DRAFTED MEN TO ATTEND CHURCH

TEMPERANCE

ACTION: Two United States Senators stood before a meeting of the United Dry Forces of the District of Columbia and advocated the banning of liquor from Army and Navy posts. They were Capper of Kansas and Brewster of Maine. Said Capper: "If Hitler wants to assure victory, he could do well to begin by blocking the passage of this bill."

Capper also stated that the Office of Production Management has told the distillers that sixty per cent of their output will be required to make alcohol for smokeless powder. He suggested that it be raised to 100 per cent. Banzai, voila and hurrah! Brewster said that the sale of liquor at Pearl Harbor has been forbidden since the outbreak of war.

("This bill," referred to by Senator Capper, is Joint Senate Resolution No. 21, introduced nearly a year ago by the late Senator Sheppard of Texas. Sheppard's successor, Lee O'Daniel, is said to be seeking further action on the bill.

ADVERTISING: Indiana churches and schools get new protection in a ruling of the state Alcoholic Beverages Commission. The Commission rules that there shall be no liquor advertising within 200 feet of a church or school, that no pictures of children shall be used. The rule also prohibits periodical advertising in other than established newspapers of general circulation and advertising of alcoholic content.

Nice work, Indiana. Now go after those newspapers.

LETTER: We read in a letter from a belligerent wet that "The dries have a million-and-a-half war chest," presumably to put over prohibition. We doubt that. The dries never had any such money as that, even in boom times.

He goes on: "We (wets) definitely lack the good will, respect and friendship of the public who are voters." Wow! This is the first self-respecting man we've ever met who insisted upon staying in a business that he *knew* had no respect among his fellows. No honest man gives his support to a dishonest or disrespectful business, even though there's money in it.

Maybe the public has just heard that in just one federal penitentiary, ninety per cent of the inmates thanked liquor for their imprisonment. Maybe that's why the public is lacking in respect. . . .

NOTABLE YEAR: 1941 will go down in history as a notable year, because . . .

Dr. Merrill Moore said in 1941: "The chief effect of alcohol psychologically is that of reduced efficiency." Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the U.S., said in 1941: "Poisoning from alcohol is the cause of more deaths than many dreaded infectious diseases." Tax experts said in 1941 that alcoholic drinks and gambling were the main beneficiaries of wild spending in defense centres. Bernie Bierman (Don't let that name fool you!), coach of Minnesota's amazing football team, said in 1941: "Coaches know that eventually the use of alcoholic beverages will lower stamina and skill. The use of alcohol lowers athletic efficiency, so it is blacklisted on our squad."

Yes—1941 was a notable year—for the foes of booze.



CHRISTIAN Herald

MARCH 1942

FAITH CREATES FACTS

FAITH to one possessing it is the reality of the unseen. In other words, faith is substance, "the substance of things hoped for." Also it is evidence, "the evidence of things" for the moment "unseen." And faith creates facts!

In the newest scientific field, psychology, religion—and particularly Christianity—has been confronted by one indictment that deserves more than passing attention. The psychologist charges that religion is merely an escape; that because we want something we believe we shall have it; that prayer is wishful thinking, nothing more, and that the results of prayer are within the human mind entirely; that "to think is to be," comprehends the all of worship. Certainly not all psychologists are of this school and each psychologist would prefer to state the case for himself. Well, I am bound to agree that the prayer life of many rises no higher than "Give me this, or that, or the other," with or without a "please," at the beginning, and a "thank you" at the close. A small boy traveling in a day coach was handed an apple by the lovely lady across the aisle. He proceeded to eat it at once. Went to work with a vigor. "Why, Johnnie," said his mother, "What do you say to the nice lady?" The lad looked up, and without changing his pace, answered, "Have you got any more?" Much of our praying is like that, and wishful thinking is at the heart of it.

But something more is to be said for wishful thinking. Wishful thinkers make the new worlds. In every area of life, in every field of social service and human endeavor, it is the wishful thinker who proceeds then to success and achievement. In time faith becomes fact. Certainly the Wright brothers wished to fly. Theirs was wishful thinking. But they had faith, faith that persisted, in spite of rude jests—for they were called crazy men; faith that prevailed over great odds. Now, for better or for worse, for weal and for woe, the airplane is the fact of their faith.

A mother holds an infant within the cradle of her arms. To you he is just another baby. He may not be a child of promise to any other person than his mother, but to her he is another president. Wishful thinking? Certainly! All the wishful passion

of a mother's soul, but that child will be companioned by a mother's prayers and whatever his future holds, his destiny is immortal.

Recently a young woman visited me. It was just after Christmas. She wore a ring, the seal of their troth, the gift of his love. He is in a Canadian training camp, a cadet flier. For them the future is uncertain, but there is nothing uncertain about their faith, faith in each other, faith in their love. Wishful thinking, to be sure, but with a glory in it, that quality from which rises eternally the Christian home. Perhaps here is of all adventures the greatest. Perhaps here may be found by those who, in sickness and in health, in adversity and in prosperity keep on wishing, continue believing in each other, the greatest of all human rewards.

Florence Nightingale wished to be a nurse. Many obstacles were placed in her way, but she kept on wishing and thinking and eventually the Crimea knew the blessed touch of her healing hands. The Red Cross, "Greatest mother of the world," is one of the most sublime evidences of faith. Here, indeed, faith created fact. In our time the Red Cross is the substance of things hoped for. Every great reform and all progress toward security for the aged and for those who through no fault of their own become unemployed are the fruits of wishful thinking—wishful thinking with a purpose, a sacrificial purpose, the purpose to make a brave dream come heroically true.

Abraham Lincoln did some wishful thinking in New Orleans where for the first time he saw human flesh sold on the market as beef across the counter. The Emancipation Proclamation is the result of that wishful thinking.

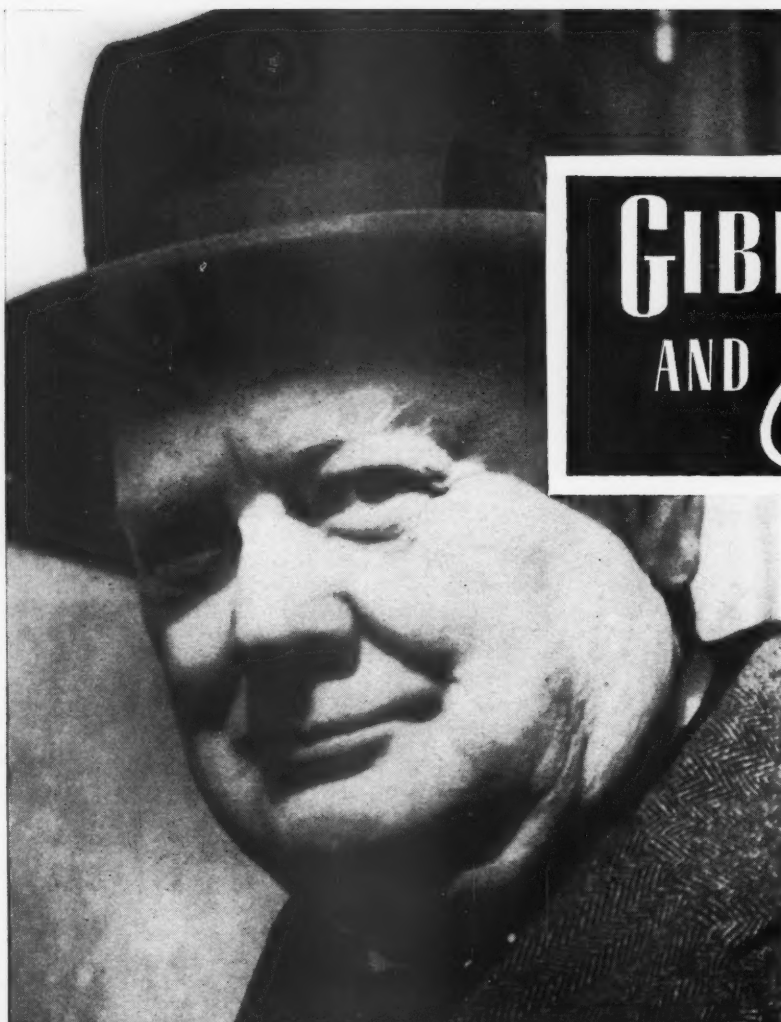
The Atlantic Charter of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill is wishful thinking. Some will say that it is nothing more than wishful thinking, that it is a dream, that it is less substantial than the mists that hung above the rockbound coasts beneath which the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom met to write it. But they wrote in good faith. No man will indict their faith and faith *has* created facts; faith *is* creating facts; and again faith *will* create facts! The new world order in which freedom and democracy are preserved and strengthened is a wishful dream today. There are evil men who decry the dream and vast armies smash hard to destroy it. But faith is the victory that overcomes the world, and in this faith we will march.



Left, panels depicting Bible scenes, from a pair of magnificent bronze doors made by Samuel Yellin. See story, page 20

MARCH 1942

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



As we get nearer Winston Churchill, we can see courage and determination in his strong face

GIBRALTAR AND *Calvary*

By FRANK S. MEAD

Alger hero; he has been beaten often; he has been kicked about in British public life like a football at Eton. He has been for years the shuttlecock of Commons and he has taken the beatings and the batterings and the ups and downs for just one purpose: not that out of it he might snatch fortune or fame, but that by enduring the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune he might awaken England to her perils and protect British love of freedom and fair play.

Lucky England! Lucky world, to have him now. There may be weak points in his armor—spots in his behavior that do not find universal favor; yet it is still near-providential that on civilization's deck in this hurricane is a man who is one hundred per cent realistic about the world he lives in and who takes war in his stride and sees it through. Storm-tossed, we need a pilot storm-experienced—and that is Churchill.

Storm! The days of his years have been days of tempest; he and the winds have it in common that neither can be still. It is said of him that as a young man he had a slight impediment in his voice. Demosthenes, to beat his speech impediment, went out on a quiet beach alone, filled his mouth with pebbles and overcame it. Coming home from South Africa to take his place in Parliament, Churchill went out on the deck in a raging, howling gale and shouted like a madman into the wind until his voice was clear and the near-lisp gone. When he stepped ashore in England, he was ready.

There was peace in England then, and a most dangerous peace in the hearts of England's statesmen. England had won her every war; wouldn't she always win? England was strong with a fleet upon the battleflags of which the sun never set. Britain was singing "Britannia Rules the Waves" and "The Soldiers of the Queen." The good "Queen Vic" was dead, but Britain was still lethargically, comfortably, sleepily Victorian. To her govern-

*I have nothing to offer but blood, toil,
tears & sweat*

Winston Churchill

All pictures from British Combine

IT MIGHT have been upon the lower floor of Hades that they met, but it happened to be London. Bombed, battered, smoking London, just after another air raid. She was a mother, with the horror of fire in her eyes and the specter of death for her children in her heart; he was a plump, square-jawed cross between a cherub and a bull.

Moaned the woman, thinking of the fire and the death, "How long, how long must this go on?" Replied he, thinking of tomorrow, grimly, kindly, deeply, "Until we have licked them, madam." And there you have him, perfectly: a Gibraltar of a man at the hour of England's Calvary. (Or is it the whole world's

Calvary?) Slowly, up out of the mists and confusions of this mad age, he whose name is Winston Spencer Churchill is rising head and shoulders above his contemporaries as the human rock who will see them through. He is the Gibraltar Hitler hates, the personification of Britain's bull-dog grip, and yet the man who stood on the steps of the White House on Christmas Eve and pleaded with us to let the children have this one night in a celebration unsullied by the thought of war: "In God's mercy, a happy Christmas to you all!"

He is no demigod. He is a man, a mortal caught in the grip of a great conviction. He is no ever-winning Horatio



President and Prime Minister join with officers and men of the battleship Prince of Wales in singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" in a service aboard that vessel during their historic meeting "somewhere in the Atlantic"



Few people remember that Winston Churchill was a major of cavalry in the British army during World War I



Mr. and Mrs. Churchill are frequently seen together, as in this photo, where they are inspecting bomb damage along the Thames

ment now came Churchill, an intruder, half American yet as British as John Bull, the pet of the House of Marlborough—and a Commoner! He was a tardy Victorian about to upset the Victorian apple-cart, an *enfant terrible* impatient with the sleepy England he loved and not at all sure that she was as strong as she thought she was and with his mind made up most firmly to help her be-

come strong in the shortest possible time.

In his heart was an immovable loyalty to all that England stood for: for her cultural, social, and spiritual heritage. (In later years, when Hitler was blitzing London, someone asked Churchill: "Just what is it that England is fighting for?" He snapped back, "If we left off fighting, you would soon find out!") He felt and felt strongly that within England lay en-

shrined the "title-deeds of human progress" which were of immense importance to Christian civilization, and he intended to see that those title-deeds were safeguarded and protected—even at the cost of war against those who would destroy them. And whenever he thought of war he thought of—Germany!

By 1911 he was Home Secretary under Prime Minister Asquith. August of 1914 was just three short years away. In 1911 the Royal Navy ruled the seas with the help of just six naval aeroplanes and six pilots. The Home Secretary looked toward Germany and saw a few more than six aeroplanes in the Kaiser's sky and a startling array of submarines around Kiel. He pointed them out to the old gentlemen of the Admiralty and they laughed out loud; planes and subs were gadgets, toys, newfangled playthings for fools to play with, a Dutchman's pipe dream. Churchill raged and stormed and tried to whip up a storm over England, but England wouldn't be whipped. England wanted peace, not war; they'd had enough war. Home Secretary became something of a bothersome war-minded shouter disturbing a peace-minded people. He dealt in realities, they in dreams. His blatant warnings were as welcome as an alarm clock sounding off at six A. M. Keep quiet, you young noise-box. Everything is under control. If the Germans start anything, well—the good old fleet will take care of *that*.

Aye, the fleet! Churchill was doing a lot more thinking about the fleet than most of the rest of England put together. All of a sudden he began talking about using a new fuel in the fleet: oil, instead of coal. He became poetic in pleading for oil. The old boys smiled indulgently and gave him his way; oil might not do any harm, and it might even increase the cruising-range of the fleet, as he said, so why not let him have it?

Almost alone, he changed the guns of the fleet from 13.5 inch to 15 inch. He learned to fly a plane. People said it was just another of "Winnie's hobbies." He let them think so while he learned to dive and loop and roll and while he shouted his enthusiasm into an increasing corps of young pilots who began to cry for more planes, more, more, more. They began to think of Churchill as the real father of British military aviation, which indeed he was. The old-school-tie men didn't like it much; they liked it less when he demanded of the Sea Lords, with 1914 approaching, that they take turns sleeping in the old Admiralty Building. Ye Gods!

On July 27, 1914, Churchill ordered the fleet to war stations; he ordered it out of the Channel where it might have been trapped a la Pearl Harbor. On August 4th, exactly five minutes after Germany declared war, he electrified England with a terse, grim order to the warships: "Commence hostilities against Germany!" Five minutes after the declaration, Germany was blockaded!

Remember that: in peace, he believed in preparation. He loved peace with the most ardent of the peace-lovers, but he knew that peace was only to be purchased with a price.

For the duration of the World War, he became the spark of British effort. The Germans threatened Antwerp; he rushed in with the Royal Navy. Came the Marne and the bogging down of hostilities to a dreary trench-war with everybody just holding on. Churchill isn't the type to just hold on. He spun the globe in his office, put his finger down on a spot marked Gallipoli and said, "There." If he could drive the fleet through the Dardanelles past Gallipoli he could get help to Russia and strike at the undefended German rear. He tried it. He failed. The House shouted, "Bungler," and forced him out. He cleaned out his desk and left, the scapegoat of the war.

Before he left, he managed to get another of his newfangled weapons into the field against the foe. It was a steel-clad, slow, lumbering "landship," as he called it; we call it a tank; England laughed and called it "Big Willie" and he had to fight tooth and nail to get the first 150 of them in the field. After the war, Ludendorff said that Germany was defeated because of "enemy tanks in unexpectedly large numbers."

Churchill dropped out of sight after Gallipoli, but not for long. Who can chain the north wind? He took up paint-

ing. He did good landscapes and sunsets, while the war raged; he became enthusiastic over a white cloud and a spot of sunlight on a leaf. At his easel he heard rumors of continued criticism of him in Commons, so one day he put up his brush and went down to London and stood up in Parliament, a poor failure in England's darkest hour, and made a speech:

"Germany can still be defeated! Some of the small (European) states are hypnotized by Germany's military pomp. They see the glitter, they see the episode. But what they do not see is the capacity of the ancient and mighty nations against which Germany is warring to endure adversity, to put up with disappointment and mismanagement, to renew their strength, to toil on with boundless suffering to the achievement of the greatest



When Winston Churchill returned to England he took four American motion picture films with him. One of them was "One Foot in Heaven."

cause for which men have ever fought."

The House capitulated; the walls rocked with cheers. Churchill smiled and went off to the front. Sir John French asked him, "Winston, what would you like to do?" He answered, "Whatever I am told."

Remember that: in defeat, Churchill believes in defiance.

The men in the trenches loved him. He made his battalion a model, led trench raids in person, never asked a man to do anything he would not do himself, looked after every one of his wounded boys personally, carried a pocket Shakespeare to read between fights, and before long heard himself called back to Commons. He was too valuable a man to risk in the trenches. He became Minister of Munitions. After nearly two months of exile, England buzzed with the news, "Winnie's back."

Back with both feet. Now he was provider; he got fresh ammunition through to the exhausted Italians; he outfitted a new American army on British soil; he slept in his office and commuted to the front; he stopped a British strike dead in its tracks by saying to the workers, "Work, or go to the front and fight." They worked. The workers called him a traitor to labor and the Victorians called him a traitor to his class, but they both obeyed him and when in November of 1918 he drove over to Downing street

to shake hands with Lloyd George, the streets were lined with both Laborites and Victorians, cheering him.

The peace had come. What now? In the prosecution of the war he had been as resolute as the British lion; now he suddenly became a lamb. The bitterness of battle dropped from him like a dirty old cloak. He was the first to call for the *immediate* lifting of the blockade, the first to ask that German war prisoners be released "before their time," the first to demand that food ships be sent into Hamburg. Way back in 1913 he had advocated the "naval holiday"—on condition that *all* nations take a holiday, and not a few. As late as Locarno in 1925 he pleaded for protection for Germany, as well as for France. If Winston Churchill had guided the peace at Versailles, it would have been a more just and Christian peace.

The peace brought in the triumvirate of MacDonald, Baldwin and Chamberlain, all three of whom were poles away from Churchill in their thinking. He just couldn't get along; he was at odds with them from the start. They were what England wanted, then: symbols of the old security to an exhausted, blood-weary people. Churchill was out again.

He watched Germany get up from the dust; he watched Germany rearm frantically while England lagged farther and farther behind. He saw loans pouring into Germany—twice as much in loans as she paid in reparations—and he saw her using the surplus for armaments. It worried him. He shouted, "Britain's hour of weakness is Europe's hour of weakness," and folks smiled and said, "Good old Winnie!" Baldwin became a bit troubled, in a helpless sort of way, about German arms, but he couldn't seem to do anything about it. Chamberlain came back from Germany with a scrap of Hitlerian paper which guaranteed peace in his time, and England breathed easier again. Churchill was not fooled. He shouted, "I do not subscribe to the doctrine that we should throw up our hands!" The House shouted back, "Warmonger! Cassandra!" When he asked Parliament to redouble England's defenses, Sir Herbert Samuel replied, "This is rather the language of a Malay running amok than of a responsible British statesman. It is rather the language of a blind and causeless panic."

Sir Herbert hated war. Who does not? Nobody wants it, nobody wants to be forever getting ready for it. But it just so happens that in the world we have on our hands, there are still *some* men who want it, who like it, who still refuse to put their trust in the method of the Prince of Peace and who still put their trust in the method of Mars. We may loathe them but we must deal with them. Churchill knew that. There is no evidence anywhere that he ever *liked* war. But—there was no panic in his mind; his thinking was crystal-clear. He saw

(Continued on page 50)



Beyond the Purple Mountains

BY
MARIETTA CARTER

ELDER GRAY sat reading by the cheerful fire in the big dining room, a pleased expression on his benign face. There was a sound of low voices in the parlor. As always, he felt a deep satisfaction when the thought came to his mind that their agreeable and popular young pastor was soon to become his son-in-law; for then his sweet, motherless daughter would be happy in a home of her own, with someone to love and cherish her. But soon; much earlier than was usual, the parlor door opened and closed, and then the street door opened and softly closed.

The Rev. Herbert Dale paused on the step a moment and looked toward the parlor window, then with a determined air he walked briskly down the street. The Elder sat for some time waiting for Mary Ellen to trip in, as was her wont, bubbling with joy and enthusiasm over some new idea or project for the church.

Presently he heard unmistakable sobs. He went to the door and listened, to make sure. Yes, they were sobs. The young folks must have had some slight misunderstanding. He would wait a while until the storm subsided. At last, when all seemed quiet, he went in and laid a caressing hand on the dark brown head. The sobs broke out again, but soon quieted as he held her feverish hand and stroked the brown hair.

After a long time he asked, "Can I do anything to help?"

"No, nobody can help; there is no help, I want to die!"

"My dear little girl, it surely isn't so bad."

"Yes, it is, there's nothing left: no hope, no faith, no future."

"My child, you have all there is, for you have God."

"God? There is no God! If there was, He would not take away everything I have. He would not let His servant who seemed so good and true, do a thing so mean and cowardly."

"Dear child, God had nothing to do with this. He is good and has nothing but love for you. He is working to bring only the best into your life, and He will do it if you let Him. Now, Dear, go to bed, but remember, 'Everything works together for good to those who love God.'"

She came downstairs in the morning, pale and listless, scarcely responding to her father's cheery greeting. She took a few sips of coffee and pushed her plate

away. Then she said, "Father, my world has suddenly stopped. There is a great, blank wall about me; I can see nothing ahead."

"What caused all this darkness, child?"

Clasping her hands tightly and leaning upon the table she said, "Herbert came last night to tell me that he has been mistaken all this time; that he does not love me. He said, 'I mistook for love my very great admiration of your beautiful qualities of mind, and fine characteristics, your high ideals and your loyalty to the church. I see I was mistaken. It takes more than simply being good and loyal to make the right kind of minister's wife. She must be a leader among women; one who can preside with ability and dignity at church and social affairs. I have confidence to believe that I have a very bright future ahead, and I must be careful and make no mistake; for so much depends upon a minister's wife. I am sorry I did not see it in the proper light before, but you will easily come to see it as I do, and will be glad that we saw our mistake before it was too late. I have found the one who appeals to me in every way, and have already given her my heart and homage.'"

Her father said, "Yes, Mary Ellen, you will come to see it in the right light and will be very thankful that you were spared the heartache and anguish that must have followed had your plans worked out. He is not worthy of you. I

Part One



thank God that you were spared."

The golden early-autumn days drifted lazily by. The Willamette Valley lay serene and tranquil, in a dreaming mood. The glaring rays of the sun were subdued by the softening, iridescent haze that unfolded the Valley. Each morning, the sun arose, a pale lemon ball, and as it slipped from East to West, it slowly changed to a scarlet orange, painting the mountains a deep azure blue, deepening into shades of lavender and purple. As its glowing, orange tints met and mingled with the deep ultramarine of the mountains, majestic Mount Hood flashed back a golden, rosy hue; as if a gleam from a lighthouse guarded the valley below. But the glories of the Oregon Autumn passed by, unnoticed by Mary Ellen.

The days seemed never-ending, and there seemed nothing ahead. When Sunday came and the church bells rang out their morning call, a deep despair settled down upon her; she felt as if she were walking in a tomb. Her father tried to think of something to arouse her interest; continually trying to invent some new plan, or suggesting various untried schemes, only to be turned down with the answer, "I don't believe I would enjoy that today," or, "I have a headache this morning, I'll go some other time."

Good Mother Drake, who had mothered and petted her ever since her mother died, was much concerned. She reasoned, coaxed, and scolded by turns. At last she decided it was failure to do her duty as a Christian and church member, that caused Mary Ellen's discontent and unrest, and that she must again take up her active work in the church. So she dropped in one beautiful Saturday afternoon. Mary Ellen, a picture of lethargic discontent, sat on the porch in the autumn sunshine, holding a book idly in her hand.

"Well if I ever saw a picture of laziness, Mary Ellen, you are one. I must tell you I think you are failing in your Christian duty, and you can't be happy as long as you do. I'm coming past for you in the morning and want you to be ready to go to church with me."

"To church? What do you think of me? I will never listen to that man preach again. That Pharisee, who cares more for praise and popularity than for the good that he can do. I could get more good and learn more about God if I would go into the woods and listen to the birds sing."

"Well maybe that's so, I can't answer for you, but you must get back to God, whatever way you can." Giving her a motherly hug and kiss, "Good-by, Dear, I'll pray for you," she whispered brokenly, and walked down the path, fragrant with the scent of the late carnations.

Mary Ellen grew so pale and thin the Elder became alarmed, and had a long talk with their old friend and family doctor: old "Doc" McAllen. After talk-



ing with Mary Ellen at some length and observing her closely for a few days, he said to the Elder, "Our little girl is suffering from a broken heart and lost faith. She must have something to renew her interest in life; something to give her a different perspective, a new view-point. If she could have a complete change of work and an entirely different environment, she might regain her old time energy and ambition."

After receiving much fatherly advice and some emphatic commands, she decided to follow the wise old doctor's advice, and try teaching school up in the high pine woods. Before taking the position as teacher of art in the small local college, she had completed a course at the State Normal School and held a state teacher's certificate.

Her sister Bessie and husband lived in a small frontier town in the Blue Mountains in northeastern Oregon. It was Oregon's "Last Frontier": the center of the sheep and cattle industry, at the merging of the old century into the new. Enterprise, the county seat of Wallowa County, lay some eight miles below

beautiful Wallowa Lake and was 3,500 feet above the sea. The bunchgrass still grew rank and juicy over the great stretch of undulating hills reaching off to the north and east. And north of this, lay the high pine woods, known as "The timbered hills."

Mary Ellen found so much to occupy her mind and hands during the short winter months, in preparation for the important change she was about to make, that the time slipped away almost unnoticed.

The morning sun shone brightly into the big dining room when, on an early March morning, she and her father sat down to breakfast. Her cheeks had regained a slight touch of color, and her face glowed with more animation than it had shown for months, as she poured the coffee and returned her father's cheerful smile.

"How goes it, Dear? Are your plans about completed for leaving the old home nest?"

"Yes, Father, everything is done, except that there is no school definitely signed up yet, but Clint writes that it is

of no great importance, for teachers are hard to get in those remote districts and I'll have no trouble in finding a school when I'm ready for it. Now, Father, I shall not look to you for one bit of help. I want to go out into my new world entirely on my own. There will be a greater incentive to work, and I love the independent feeling it gives."

"Well, daughter, just as you say, but you will need a lift right at the start, won't you?"

"No. Don't you remember I had a little 'nest egg' in the bank? I still have it and will depend upon it in case of emergencies."

"I am glad Bessie and Clint are there to help you get acquainted with the country," he said. "When do you expect to start?"

"I think the sooner the better now; this is the 5th of March and most of the spring schools open around the first of April. I guess I will start next Monday, for it takes four days to go; two on the train and two by stage-coach. Five hundred miles is a long trip, especially to a 'tenderfoot' like me."

"Yes, Daughter, a long trip, but you'll enjoy every mile of it, and your sojourn out there too, and you'll have some thrilling experiences to write home."

On Monday morning the Elder hitched "Old Doll" to the buggy and drove Mary Ellen down to the little depot beside the narrow gauge track. Mother Drake, carrying a huge bouquet from her early plants, together with a score of her friends, both young and old, was there to say good-by and wish her success in her great adventure. When her father helped her down from the buggy he put both arms about her and said, "Now, Mary Ellen, always remember that 'Everything works together for good to them that love to do good.'"

The whistle gave two sharp blasts, the bell clanged, then the wheels began to creak and turn, and the train slowly moved along beside the platform. Because of the mist before her eyes she could scarcely see the outline of her father as he bravely waved his hat in farewell. Then he clapped it on his head and pulled it low over her eyes and abruptly turned and walked away from the crowd.

The familiar childhood landmarks rapidly passed by her window, the surrounding farms and hills soon became a distant blur, and new scenes came into view. She suddenly realized that she was emerging from her world with its well-defined and beaten paths, into a new, an entirely different world: a world where she was to think for herself, to form her own conclusions. All this time the words, "Everything works together for good," kept ringing in her mind and she found herself saying, "Everything, everything, —even this, is for my good."

To her own surprise, she found interest and enjoyment in the passing scenes. Springtime had laid its magic touch upon

the land. Life was showing forth on every side. Fields of young, tender grain in glowing shades of green merged into splashes of the pink and white of peach and almond trees. In the distance, the pale blue Cascades were outlined against the eastern sky, with here and there a majestic snow-peak towering above the others, as a sentinel stands guard over those of lesser height. Mount Hood especially, stood high above all others, proudly wearing its crown of white, as the mighty sovereign of the mountains. It persisted in view all the way down the Valley, and when the train swung around to the east at Portland, it still loomed in view up along the Columbia.

After the enchanting views along the broad Columbia came the vast stretches of sand and sagebrush; a foretaste of the land for which she was bound. The long stretch through the land of Indian tepees and straggling bands of ponies fascinated her, and when at the stations she saw numbers of Indians in striped blankets and long braided hair, and fat squaws with bright-eyed papooses strapped upon their backs, she became so enthused she rushed out to talk to them. To her disappointment they usually shook their heads and muttered, "no talk."

At the terminus of the railroad a great, old fashioned stagecoach and four-horse team stood waiting to carry the passengers the remaining distance to the little town of Joseph at the foot of Wallowa Lake, 4,000 feet above the sea.

Mary Ellen took a last, lingering look at the small primitive train, and realized she was severing the last link between her and the outside world; as she had known it in the '90's. She was turning her face toward the big adventure, in the new world of a rough frontier.

The driver, a perfect specimen of his profession, stood ready to load his passengers in. His hat, a broad gray sombrero, was worn at a decided angle on a head of long, wavy, iron-gray hair. In addition to the regular braided leather band, it had a wide band of scarlet silk and through this was stuck, at right angles, a long black rooster feather. His eyes had a mischievous twinkle and his long, iron-gray mustache vibrated humorously when he laughed. He introduced himself to Mary Ellen as Bart Lewis, then said, "Lady, I take it you are going to stay a while an' I'd like to know your name." She told him her name, then he asked, "Married or single?" "Single," she answered, blushing, as she noticed the others were listening and smiling. He said, "Wal, I'm gonna put all the natives inside with you, fer I know you want to git to know 'em. These other fellers are from the city an' they need the fresh air." He carefully loaded his passengers—six inside, and three on top, together with the baggage and mail. She was the only woman and naturally received much attention. He helped her in last, and as he took her hand he whispered, "Take right smart notice of the

tall feller in the gray suit. He's worth fishin' fer."

Bart cleverly swung his long rawhide whip and cracked it over the head of the nigh lead horse and shouted, "Ged-up." The wheels creaked and groaned, the stage lurched forward and they were off. There was complete silence inside the stage for some moments, while Mary Ellen shot furtive glances at the passengers, mentally sizing them up. Evidently they were all from the Wallowa country, as Bart had indicated. "The tall feller in the gray suit" sat facing her. At first glance she knew he was not an ordinary cowboy or sheep herder. At the second glance she noted his broad, high forehead and fine mouth, and she decided he was quite above the ordinary run of men. The man sitting next to him, evidently a business or professional man, also received her careful scrutiny, but the other three were of a nondescript type and she gave them only a casual glance.

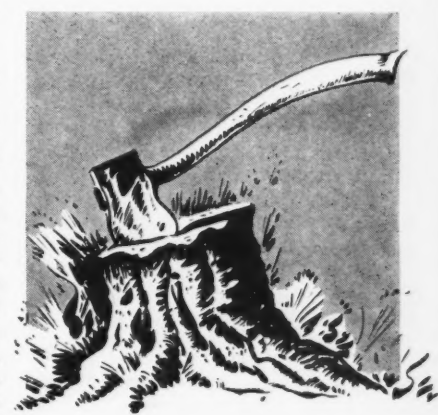
The men exchanged a few commonplace remarks and then they were silent. She soon began to feel intuitively that the tall young man was about to address her and she looked directly at him. He touched his hat and smiled, flushing, then said, "Miss Gray, I believe?" She nodded and he went on, "I am Harry Reid. Is this your first visit into Wallowa County?" "Yes, it is my first, but I have always wanted to come since my sister came to Enterprise." At that both men looked their surprised interest and Harry Reid said, "Oh, you have a sister in Enterprise?"

"Yes, Mrs. Clint Brown, her husband is the editor of your newspaper."

"Oh, Clint's wife, Bessie. Yes, we know them well; in fact, Clint is a special friend of Jim's and mine. Miss Gray, this is Jim Blake, our County Sheriff."

"I am greatly pleased to meet you both. Isn't it nice that we are fellow passengers? I feel as if I had met old friends, since you both know Bessie and Clint so well. Do you both live in Enterprise?"

"I do," Jim (Continued on page 46)



Decorations by J. E. YUIL



Samuel Yellin

By

F. A. COLLINS

LATE in his life someone once asked Sam Yellin what he called his trade. "I'm just a blacksmith" answered Sam. Just a blacksmith—and yet from his blazing forge had come artistry in wrought iron that adorns many of the greatest churches in America.

The rise of Samuel Yellin from a penniless immigrant to recognition as the master craftsman of his rare art is one of the most remarkable success stories in the long history of art. In his brief but brilliant career he was wholly self taught and self made. Today more than one hundred cathedrals, churches, museums, universities and public buildings in every corner of the country are enriched by his masterpieces in wrought iron. His contribution to ecclesiastical art rivals that of the great Gothic masters of the Middle Ages.

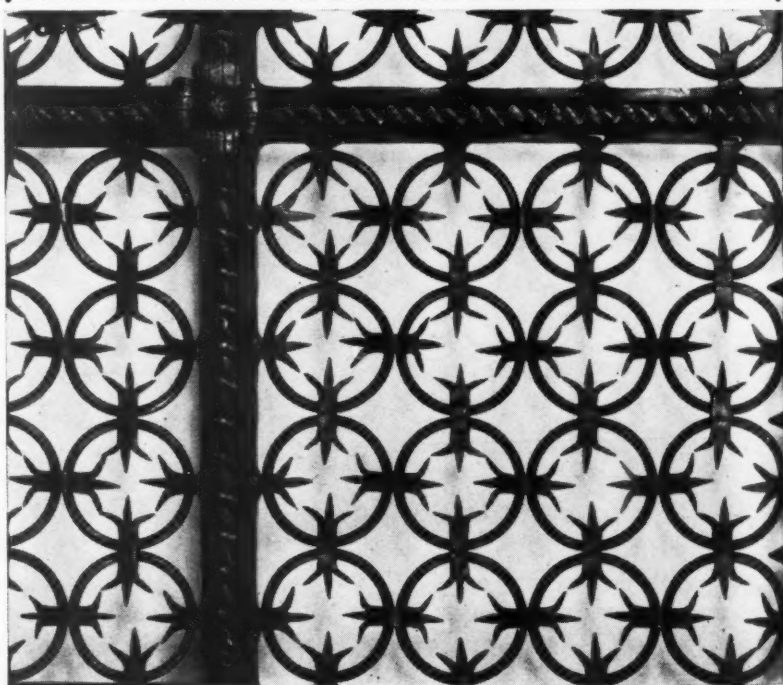
Sam was born in Poland, near the Russian border, in 1885—the son of Zacharias and Kate Yellin. Zacharias was a lawyer by profession and no one in the family or among his early associates was especially interested in art. But for Sam, iron seemed to have a continuous fascination. He even worked on iron ships so he could handle this unwieldy and to most of us uninteresting metal. Young Yellin stole off as often as possible to visit the cathedrals of Europe where wrought iron had been so artistically used to protect windows and other openings.

To protect the treasures and guard the privacy the windows were first covered with iron bars forming a rude lattice as in a modern prison. Gradually the designs of the protective bars were elaborated and enriched with scroll work un-



SAMUEL YELLIN

Blacksmith

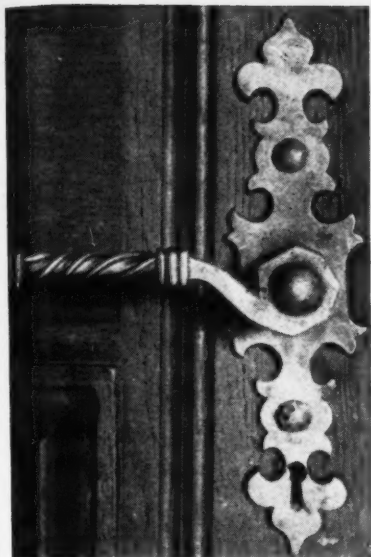


Details from beautiful ornamental screens

til rich ornamental designs were achieved. In the early churches the tombs of kings and saints were surrounded with simple railings of iron to hold back visitors. In time these primitive guards developed into ornamental screens and grilles of marvelous delicacy. As early as the Tenth Century iron decorations had become one of the fine arts. The work of

these artists was found in countless churches and cathedrals, and with the passing of centuries it became a notable contribution to ecclesiastical art.

At the age of seventeen years Yellin came along to America without friends or funds. Settling in Philadelphia he found employment among the workers in iron, from the first supporting him-



Ornate door handle



Candlestick



Lamp and Jewel Box



A Lectern



Detail of railing

described without exaggeration as meteoric. At the age of twenty-two, three years after his arrival penniless and unknown, Yellin had won wide recognition as a master craftsman. He visited New York and without introductions or influence quickly won the sympathy and admiration of the leading architects.

Yellin's first workshop was a modest room on Master Street in Philadelphia where the ceiling was so low that he cracked the plaster on lifting his arm for a stout blow. It was in this room that he conceived and executed his famous St. Colomba screen which is now one of the glories of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York.

Throughout his career, Yellin was an intensely practical rather than an academic craftsman. He worked with his hands as well as his mind. From the days when he traveled about, an itinerant blacksmith, until he completed his great designs, Yellin always knew the feel of iron.

He followed the methods of the early masters of the art in the great Gothic centuries, in working by inspiration. With the red or white hot metal actually in his hands he created his original design. Under his masterly hammer blows the iron came alive. Later when the work had been completed the artist prepared a careful, detailed drawing of the lovely thing he had completed, for the sake of the record. It was in this way that the master craftsmen of the Gothic ages rendered wrought iron one of the finest of the Fine Arts.

Mr. Yellin brought to his work a rare combination of talents. He had a natural feeling for iron as indeed he possessed for most other metals. He inherited the rare Gothic spirit of the Middle Ages which had lain dormant for centuries. Throughout his life he lived intensely. His art was his life. His greatest work, he often said, was made

under the great emotional stress, when he was suffering from the hard realities of life. To create great art, he often declared, one must suffer correspondingly. Yellin, more than any artist of his time, was the interpretation of the Gothic spirit.

Despite the surprising number and variety of Yellin's work, each and every product was an expression of his close personal attention. At one time some three hundred workers were employed in Yellin's studio, workshop and assembly rooms, but no detail of the work ever became commercialized. He followed every detail of the work in every commission. He sometimes spent twenty-four hours of the day in his workshop. Not only did he create or directly supervise every design, but he followed it through. It was a common sight to see Mr. Yellin take a piece of red hot or white hot metal from a workman and with his masterly skill give the molten metal the touch required to transfer it into a work of art.

The rare beauty and inspiration of the ecclesiastical art of the Middle Ages, he pointed out, was largely due to the fact that the artificers worked with metal at red or white heat. They had no blueprints to guide them. The metal cooled quickly and there was no time to make measurements and compare with designs. As a result the work of these men achieved a spontaneity and variety which expressed the life of the metal and gave the finished product an unexpected charm. The old craftsmen knew every trick of the trade and overlooked no detail however small or insignificant.

It is a high tribute to Mr. Yellin's art that it has been placed conspicuously in a long list of cathedrals, churches, museums, universities and public places. The list includes the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, the National Cathedral, and many more.

self. His work soon attracted the attention of Mrs. C. C. Harrison of Philadelphia, a patron of the Arts, whose husband at that time was the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. With her assistance the youthful Yellin was enabled to take a short course at the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art.

Samuel Yellin's rise to fame may be



THE STORY OF A FEATHERED SOLDIER NO LARGER THAN A HUMAN HEART, WHOSE PLUCK AND COURAGE DROVE HIM, THOUGH BADLY WOUNDED, TO CARRY THROUGH WHERE MEN HAD FAILED, AND TO DELIVER THE MESSAGE WHICH SAVED THE FAMOUS LOST BATTALION



THE most famous bird in the world is a pigeon—a little gray and black pigeon. He stands all by himself in a tall glass case in the National Museum in Washington. One leg is gone, and the slightly ruffled feathers on his breast almost conceal a great scar. Huge cannons and war tanks surround him, a frail and pathetic little figure,—so strangely out of place in such an ominous setting of steel machinations of destruction. It is Cher Ami.

Cher Ami was a homing pigeon. He was one of 500 graciously given by England to add to the 2000 American birds sent to France along with our great army. Thus Cher Ami was an American soldier. He was attached to one of the most



By

Richard Maxwell



famous battalions in the war—one which came to be known as "The Lost Battalion," commanded by Major Charles S. Whittlesey.

His life was like that of any other



army pigeon. He lived in a mobile loft, and was bounced around over the hard stony roads of war-torn France, finally arriving at the Argonne. Here he saw real action. Twelve times he was taken up to the battle front in one of the baskets strapped to the sides of a motorcycle. Twelve times—through gales of drenching rain and shell fire—he delivered an important message.

Then the fighting grew more and more severe. Men were being killed by the score, hundreds were wounded, including Major Whittlesey himself. Doctors were sorely needed for the wounded and dying soldiers. On the morning of October 3rd the enemy began machine-gunning them from the rear, and it was apparent

that the hard-pressed battalion was bottled up. They could not dig in, for the ground was nothing but rocks. Cut off from the rest of the army, they were given up for lost. They ran out of food and water, their ammunition was almost gone. But they refused to surrender and fought on. The hours crept by—October 4th—and still no help came. Then October 5th. Soldier after soldier tried to get through the lines, but each one was killed or captured. One after the other, six messenger pigeons were tossed into the air—only to be shot down.

By this time the enemy machine guns to the rear of them had taken a terrific toll. And then they suddenly found that,—in addition to the enemy—they were being shelled by the American artillery as well! It was a desperate situation. Major Whittlesey decided to make one more effort—with his last pigeon. It was Cher Ami—huddled in the dark corner of his basket, as hungry, thirsty and as exhausted as any of the weary soldiers. It was the Battalion's one and only chance. Nobody expected the bird to make it, but a message was hastily scribbled, giving the exact position and asking for aid. It was placed in the capsule and attached to Cher Ami's leg. Then he was tossed up, over the barbed wire and into the shrapnel fire. Up and up he went, a gallant little handful of feathers. Desperate eyes followed his flight. As he circled to get his bearings there was a sudden burst of shrapnel. The bird began to flutter helplessly. "There goes our last hope," thought the despairing soldiers.

Cher Ami fell a few feet, then caught himself. Again his wings folded and he fell the second time, coming out in a low swoop. For a brief moment he poised in the air, as though uncertain whether to give up or go on. One leg had been torn away, and in his breast was a hole almost as large as a quarter. But his brave heart refused to quit, and slowly his aching muscles responded. Up in the air he circled slowly, then turned—directly into the enemy fire.

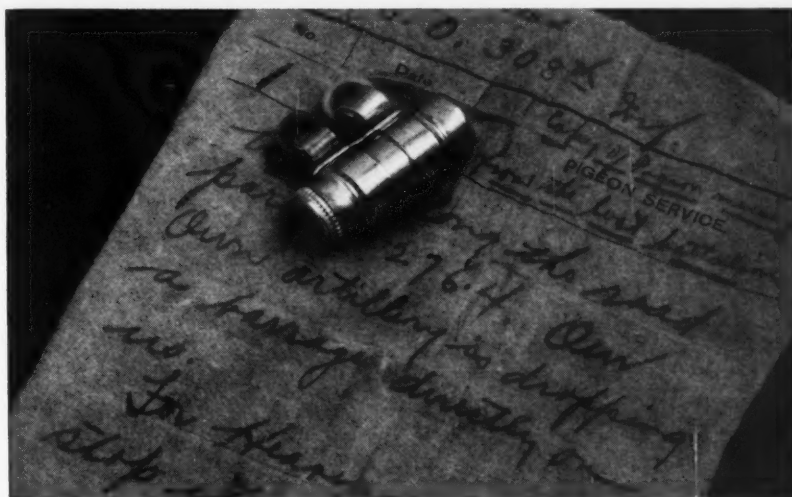
The little trailer Cher Ami called home must have seemed a long, long way off to the gallant little dove. But over the bleak battlefield he streaked, past splintered trees which had been stripped of every twig and branch. Through bombs and screeching shrapnel he beat his wings, until finally, twenty-five minutes later, and weak from the cruel pain and loss of blood, he dropped on the landing board of the mobile loft, a bloodstained little fluff of feathers and pluck.

For days the anxious pigeonier had been scanning the skies for some message from the Lost Battalion, and he could scarcely believe his eyes as he tenderly grasped the swaying bird. Carefully but quickly he removed the message from its capsule, miraculously held to the shattered leg by only a few shreds of torn flesh.

Cher Ami had come through—cover-



© U. S. Army Signal Corps
Cher Ami stands like this in a glass case in Washington for future generations to see



The capsule (actual size) fastened to the leg of the carrier pigeon, contains the message entrusted to it

ing the thirty miles in twenty-five minutes. A few hours later, 194 men—all that remained of the Lost Battalion,—were safe.

Only two of our fellow creatures have ever received decorations for conspicuous gallantry in action. These are also the only two which, of their own free will and accord, seek out man to dwell near him in friendliness. One of them, as might be expected, is the dog—man's closest four-footed friend; the other is man's closest friend in the air—the pigeon.

Records show that the birds of the Signal Corps are more successful in delivering messages than either the telephone or the human courier. In spite of enemy snipers, poison gas, trained hawks and bad weather, over ninety per cent of the messages entrusted to pigeons are delivered safely.

Unbroken lines of communication and continuous contacts are of vital necessity to an army, and when all other means fail, homing pigeons show their greatest value.

Where do such birds come from? Of course the government maintains pigeon lofts of its own at all times, but in wartime they come from everywhere—from town, city and country; from an eighteen-year-old Long Island boy who gives his 200 pet birds to the government; from a pigeon fancier in Indiana who turns over his best birds,—already practically trained, from racing pigeon hobbyists, amateurs, professionals—the country is scoured for fine homing pigeons! And, of course, the services of the owners themselves often are accepted too, for experienced bird handlers are extremely important.

When I was a boy, we kept many pigeons—over a thousand of them at a time. My father had a hobby of raising them, and developed some of the largest and most beautiful birds in the country. Some were as large as small chickens, often weighing two and one half and three pounds each. However, these birds

were much too valuable to let fly around, so they were confined in sizeable lofts, with large enclosed flying pens attached.

These were but one of a great many breeds of pigeons. Cher Ami was a homing pigeon—the oldest of known varieties. This is the most domestic of creatures, with a tremendous sense of the obligations of parenthood. It is the bird's powerful desire to return to its home and its nest, which makes it so valuable to man. They were used as far back as 3000 B.C. by the Egyptians, and in ancient Greece (Continued on page 53)



All day long our nurses worked,
with no chance to rest or eat, trying
to get their patients out of danger

Illustrator HENRY LUHRS

formed by the deep channel of the Yangtze on one side and on the other by that of one of its tributaries which joins it there. In the scant four square miles which the city's wall encompasses, eight hundred thousand people are packed.

Seen from the river below perched on the edge of the cliff, silhouetted against the sky, Chungking looks like an ancient Chinese print. There, for many years one Dr. Agnes Edmonds served as head of the Gamble Memorial Hospital, an outpost of American Methodism. And it was there in far off Chungking that something happened that almost led to the destruction of the hospital and the city itself, and brought this pioneer medical missionary nearer death than she had ever been.

That was some years ago when all of China was seething in the throes of so-called "bloodless" revolution, throwing off the yoke of the Manchus and setting up

Whung

Hazardous adventures of a medical missionary in the heart of China

TO GET to the ancient walled city of Chungking in West China you take a little steamer at Shanghai and go for eight hundred miles up the Yangtze River to the teeming, noisy, smelly river town called Ichang. There you move all your belongings aboard one of the native boats, and for three weeks you ply on between towering gorges and through treacherous rapids for six hundred miles more. Those native boats, propelled by massive oars—eight or ten men to an oar—and by a great square brown sail when the wind is right, are picturesque and fascinating craft to look at. But not to live in for three weeks.

There are stretches in the upper reaches of the Yangtze where the water is so deep it has never been sounded. The river boatmen say that if the churning water of some of the rapids could be somehow drawn off, the river bed would be found to be white with bones. Thousands of boats, large and small, old and new, some sturdy enough to battle the rapids, some not, are on the river all the time. No day goes by that the Yangtze does not take its toll of human life or of property—which is more precious in China.

Once you reach Chungking you are high above the river. The city is perched on the tip of a roughly triangular cliff,

the new Republic. For days soldiers had been storming the city, just why probably the soldiers themselves did not know. Uprisings and unprovoked attacks were likely to come at any time in the general turmoil. They did not necessarily have anything to do with the vast revolution that was going on among China's millions. In this case it was really a personal grudge between two war lords who had had a dispute over the division of the loot in a former abortive campaign they had waged together. Now the besiegers were trying to batter their way into Chungking merely to replenish their supplies by looting the city. But Chungking is a natural fortress. On three sides of it almost sheer cliffs drop down from the base of its walls to the banks of the two rivers. The entrances on the fourth side—the landward side—are blocked by eight huge, solidly built gates set in the thick walls.

The city is well nigh impregnable. But far down, directly below the American Hospital, perched on the steep cliff that fell away from the city wall to the edge of the river below, there was an old Chinese temple. A large detachment of the besiegers had commandeered this and

turned it into a barracks. They spent their nights down there in uproarious carousals. Then when daylight came they would paddle across the river, climb the cliff on the opposite side and shoot across the river, over the wall and into the hospital and the narrow city streets beyond it.

The upper floors of the hospital, those that rose above the city wall, were unprotected from their fire. After the first day or two the wall was riddled with bullets. Every window was shattered. Panic of course broke out among the patients on those upper floors and Dr. Edmonds had them moved to the lower floors. Many of them had to be carried on the backs of the Chinese nurses. Creeping along the floor, trying to keep out of range of the bullets which whistled through the windows and splattered the walls inside the rooms, they began carrying those patients, one by one, to the floors below. Soon the lower floors were suffocatingly overcrowded; but at least there was no danger from the bullets.

Then the besiegers conceived a wicked idea. If they could not storm the city, they would smoke it out. Waiting until the wind was blowing across the river and towards the city, they gathered together great wads of cotton and rags, saturated them with kerosene and set fire to the temple on the rocks below the wall. The

block from the hospital and I tried to use our little mail-order telephone—the only telephone in West China—to get them to bring over more bedding and what condensed milk and rice they had. I thought we could feed the children at least. Some of the little ones had not eaten for forty-eight hours. But the telephone had broken down. All the nurses were busy, frantically busy. I would have to go myself.

"Now between the hospital and the outer wall of the city itself there was a passageway about four feet wide. I thought that by taking this and keeping close to the wall I'd be protected from the sparks still rising from the burning temple below, and from the fire that was sweeping the native houses to ashes. I crept out into the passageway. No sparks were falling there, but I had forgotten about the openings, the slits, in the outer wall. They had been made as an aid for the defense of the city, for guns to be thrust through. But now they worked the other way. Sprawled on the flagstones of the alleyway in front of each hole were the dead bodies of those who had tried to escape the fire and reach the hospital grounds that way. The snipers on the cliff across the river were watching those holes and firing through them at anybody who passed.

By keeping close to the ground I had offered too small a target for those sharpshooters across the river.

"The girls in the Home, every one, volunteered to help me carry the bedding and food back to the hospital; and we took over all we had. Going back, you see, we could use the thick bedding as a shield. One of the nurse's hands was grazed by a bullet. That was the only casualty.

"We were just in time with our water-soaked bedding this time. Flames were gaining headway on one of the verandahs. We smothered them, and then, working furiously we piled the dripping mattresses on the other danger spots. The sparks had stopped rising from the temple below now. We were safe.

"All night long the fire and the firing raged, but it kept getting further and further away from us. Some of the soldiers did get into the city—somehow they got over that fifty-foot wall—but the handful of soldiers stationed inside the walls were more than enough for them. They shot them all.

"Next morning it was all over. The fire had burned itself out. Only that section of the city around our hospital was burned, but that was a waste of black ashes and timbers. The hospital rose white and unharmed above it. We did not lose

of Chungking

fragile old structure flared up immediately, a great shaft of flame shot up; and blazing sparks and bits of timber rained over the part of the city nearest the wall, and over the hospital and its grounds.

"We had no fire-fighting apparatus," said Dr. Edmonds. "The only water we had was the filthy drainage in the big cemented cisterns. But somehow we had to protect those helpless patients crowded together in the hospital, and protect ourselves. So we took all the bedding we had and soaked it in the water. We waded this up and put it over the places that were most exposed to the sparks. Outside the hospital compound the flimsy houses were bursting into flames one after the other. The fire was sweeping over all that part of the city. People were crowding into the hospital grounds. It was one of the few places where they could find shelter.

"And still on those upper floors, choking now from the smoke, there were screaming patients, whom we hadn't had a chance to move. All day long our nurses worked with no chance to rest or eat, trying to get the patients out of danger.

"We had a nursing home about half a

"All this came over me in a flash. And just as I left the door I felt what was like a hot breath on my cheek. A bullet buried itself in the wall behind me. It couldn't have missed me by more than a hair's breadth. I had never been shot at before. My knees gave way under me. As I crawled back through the door and sat down I felt numb.

"I realized that even if I got past this first hole, those snipers could time my progress and fire at me as I came opposite the next one, and the next—all the way down the alley-way. But we had to have more bedding to fight the fire. It was unthinkable to leave anything undone to keep the hospital from catching fire, crowded to the doors as it was with our sick people. I ran through to the other side and into the court. But along the street outside there was a roaring wall of flames. So after all there was only one way to get to the Nursing Home. And that was along that river wall.

"Again I went back. Praying every inch of the way, I crawled on my hands and knees past those deadly openings, sometimes over the bodies of those who had been killed, until I reached the Home.



By

LOWELL THOMAS

a single one of our patients; and in a few days we were able to feed the hundreds of homeless ones who had come to us and were squatting, almost shoulder to shoulder, in the compound.

"It was all a senseless thing, the work of irresponsible half-drunken bandits. It brought needless suffering to thousands of innocent people. But there was one comforting thought. They came to us in their trouble. It brought people to us we might never have reached otherwise. And it is in just such ways (Continued on page 48)

Paddlewheels Churning



A Tale of Old Missouri By

ANNE TEDLOCK BROOKS

[PART SIX]

SUMMER was over and autumn set in. One day Elizabeth went with Michael as far as Arrow Rock to visit Rowena. Flood waters had changed many familiar scenes.

The river had cut a new channel and many of the old sights were gone. There was little sign of life in the low fields and bottom lands, but higher up on the slopes new cabins were being built and all along the way the ring of the hammer could be heard as the farmers rebuilt their homes and sheds.

"It's good to be on the river!" said

Michael to Elizabeth as they steamed past the docks at Boonville. "It promises to be a nice fall and I won't be storing the Tamerlane until late this year."

Elizabeth happily knitting nearby the wheel, smiled at him. He drew off his cap and she watched the shining light in his eyes. Her love for him, which was her very life itself, rose up in warming surge through her breast.

The Tamerlane was still a beautiful boat in her second season. The white railings had been repainted and every line of her shone as on the maiden voy-

Their sobbing, screaming prayers were never heard above the roar. Michael pulled the unconscious pilot to the side of the rail. It was too late

age. Elizabeth planned to go on some of the trips with him, and they had arranged the cabin so that it was more comfortable, and on this particular trip, Marmie had prepared food for them to take along for their own table.

"In a few weeks now, before the weather gets too cold, we must pick out the site for our house, and soon we'll see our own four walls going up. I think you will like South Point on the river."

Elizabeth rose and walked over to him. "I want our baby to be born in our own house—it will always be the dearer for it."

Michael's eyes left the water for a moment. "Yes, Mavourneen, our baby," his eyes caressed her face. "To have you and the little one to come back to—ah, what blessings I have."

"Ah, take me on to Westport with you, Michael."

"But Rowena and her parents are expecting you. Not this time. They'll have a huge dinner ready, and enough baked to last the week out. I think you need the rest, anyway."

She nodded, holding her hands across her breast tightly. "Of course. I'll stay at Arrow Rock. But I'll miss you, Michael. It was hard to see you go away the last trip. That's why I sent word to Rowena that I'd come this time—so that I could be with you part of the trip. But I'll stay. Rowena would be disappointed if I didn't. She's always been like a sister to me and she thinks you're one of the finest gentlemen living!"

"And you?"

"Always, from the very start!"

"We're almost there! There's the bend just above the wharf!" And simultaneously with his words, the whistle cut the clean autumn air with its echoing notes from the cliffs.

"I see Rowena and her mother," Elizabeth cried excitedly.

The stage was run out over the port bow, and a deck hand stood on the end of it with a coil of rope ready. The pent-up steam whistled through the gauges. Michael rang the bell, the wheels reversed and churned the water to foam. The crew, grouped on the forecastle, sprang into action.

Rowena and her mother stood by, and Elizabeth hurried down the gangplank on Michael's arm.

"Ah, it's good to see you!" she cried kissing the women.

"You must come on to the house for dinner, Captain Mike. It is already and waiting for you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Barton, but I shouldn't spare a minute. I like to be on the dot, you know," Michael looked at his watch.

"Just this once, Michael, you know, to celebrate," said Elizabeth.

He could not refuse. "Can we manage it all in thirty minutes?"

"Of course!" Mrs. Barton said hospitably. "We've roast young pig and apple dumplings. Come along. I told Pansy to lift everything right out of the oven and have it on the table."

As they climbed the steps, Rowena asked, "How many times did you meet there before your marriage?"

Elizabeth and Michael looked at each other. "Every time the Tamerlane passed through Arrow Rock after the first trip, but three times," admitted Elizabeth laughingly.

"Off with you, then," laughed Mrs. Barton. "You should know the way well."

The captain helped Mrs. Barton and Rowena back into the carriage and he and Elizabeth walked to the steps of the cliff road.

"I wanted another moment alone with you before you go on." As they reached the top, she motioned with her hand. "See, there's our old stone seat."

They stood and looked over the river, and down at the Tamerlane, watching the crew loading on the bales of hemp and tobacco. The carts and wagons were already on their way back to town, having delivered their freight to the boat, and receiving the exchange cargo.

A dark cloud blotted out the sun, and Michael said, "It's going to rain. Look, it'll hit us on the river in about an hour. It will be good for the late crops."

"I'll tell you good bye here, Michael," Elizabeth drew him into the sheltering copse nearby and Michael held her close to his heart.

"Just a few short hours, dear, and we'll be together."

They struck out for the path to the river road and the Barton's house. Elizabeth looked hungrily toward her home as they caught sight of it for a moment. But all was quiet there and no sign of either of her parents did she see.

The Bartons' house shone and the starched tidies bristled from the table tops and the chairs in the parlors. The odor of roast pork and of baking apples drenched in spicy butter filled the hall.

The snowy cloth offered up its best china and silver. A great centerpiece of luscious purple grapes was flanked by shining red apples from the Barton's own orchards.

"How pretty the table is," said Elizabeth.

"Such a feast! I'll fall asleep over the wheel, this day."

"Let the mate take it this afternoon, and get a nap," advised Mr. Barton. "It's going to rain, and there's nothing sweeter than the sound of raindrops on the cabin roof."

Dinner over and the captain bade them farewell until his return. Elizabeth's eyes followed the carriage as it went down the lane toward the river. She suddenly felt lonely for no accountable reason since Rowena fluttered anxiously about her, trying to make her comfortable and telling little bits of gossip. And after a while Elizabeth asked the question which was always uppermost in her mind.

"How is Mother, and have you seen my father lately?"

"Your mother seems well, but she looks older, and your father—everybody

(Continued on page 56)



Elizabeth stood in the doorway, her eyes asking the question she had to know



Illustrator

CHARLES ZINGARO

MARCH 1942



By

RALPH WALLACE

Youth FINDS A NEW ROAD TO RELIGION

Before they started home for Christmas vacation, students of Stephens College Burrall Class took Santa Claus to youngsters in the crippled children's ward at Noyes Hospital, Columbia, Mo.

IT WAS the regular meeting of the largest college Sunday School in the world. Toward the pleasant brick auditorium on the tree-lined campus of Stephens College at Columbia, Missouri, poured a seemingly endless stream of boys and girls from every state in the Union and Argentine and Brazil and Mexico and other foreign countries as well. From nearby Christian College they came, too, and from the University of Missouri. And they came with a definite air of eagerness and expectancy, as though they knew that now, this very morning, they would find both spiritual nourishment and brave new faith.

I stepped inside the building. Here was no bare and apathetic college chapel, but a scene impressive and devout. In front of the audience, below the stage, ranged a large symphony orchestra, softly playing a movement from a Haydn symphony; above the orchestra stood a white-clad verse-speaking choir. On a still higher platform clustered class officials and Paul S. Weaver, head of the Stephens department of religion and philosophy and the regular Burrall speaker. Behind this group sat the huge robed Burrall chorus on a series of terraces which extended all the way to the wings.

As the sound of the symphony died away, the voices of the verse-speaking choir began the magic words of the Twenty-Seventh Psalm: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? . . . though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident." Followed the swelling refrain of "Holy, Holy, Holy," by the mixed chorus; the offertory

by the orchestra, a scripture reading by a student, a prayer by Weaver. And then, for thirty minutes, Weaver talked to the undergraduates in undergraduate language, a direct, simple speech which urged intense personal participation by students in the religious life of their home communities during the war years which lay ahead.

This was my introduction to the Burrall Class—a religious organization with more than 4000 members drawn from three campuses. I found the service an inspiring—yes, even ennobling—experience. Deeply interested, I stayed in Columbia to talk with students and teachers about the work of the class and to observe more than a score of its projects developing social consciousness and Christian helpfulness.

I attended a vespers program at which the ideal of racial tolerance was communicated entirely without speech by a superbly staged program of prayers, Negro spirituals,—and afterward listened to a group of Southern girls confess that for the first time they understood and sympathized with the plight of the Negro. I talked to sorority presidents who, through the influence of the Burrall Class, were spending more of their sorority budgets on charitable activities than on parties and dances; to a University athlete who had organized twice-weekly visits to a crippled children's ward in order to relieve hospital monotony and teach the patients handicraft and games. And through school psychiatrists I heard story after story of badly maladjusted students brought back to content and normality by this new type of religion. "Nothing is more pathetic in the academic world than the present perplexities of undergraduates regarding the great fundamental



Dr. Paul Weaver, (seated center) holds an informal conference with members of the staff of Burrall Class, which, with a membership of 4000 is said to be the world's largest Sunday School class of its type. Left to right in the picture are: Klair Armstrong, Mrs. Lucille Fristoe, Francis Bayley, Mr. Weaver, Miss Carolyn Collier, and Robert Carson



Balanced hot meals were prepared daily for 500 youngsters in a central kitchen. Students in the home economics department went daily to the kitchen, helping to prepare the meals and later to serve the children



Members of Burrall Class pile up a wagon with cans of food contributed by class members for "Can" Sunday, a community service project

issues of life," one University of Missouri instructor informed me. "Burrall, by clarifying these fundamental issues, performs an inestimable service in bringing young people to a mature and lasting faith."

Church attendance has doubled and trebled in Columbia. "If anything happened to interrupt the Burrall work," a local minister told me, "it would seriously impoverish the spiritual life of the whole community." And—perhaps most extraordinary of all—this surge of religious enthusiasm doesn't end with the school year. Through participation in a score of

absorbing religious activities, students are being taught to carry Christian leadership wherever they go. Year by year, the spirit of the Burrall Class is spreading through the Middle West. Down in a remote Arkansas district, a former law student at the University has brought a modern Sunday school and Boy Scout troop to the hill dwellers; in South Dakota a Burrall alumna has formed a farm women's religious club which works wonders in aiding underprivileged families; in Chicago, disturbed by the lack of faith among her friends, a Stephens graduate launched a drive which within a few months brought a hundred new young people into her church.

Such stirring activities, reported by the scores, mean more than a newly-discovered spiritual release for the Burrall Class members themselves. They mean a new and intelligent religious awakening for dozens of communities and thousands of individuals in a period when religion is sorely needed.

Back of this astonishing religious development are the ideas of a former Ozark farm boy named James Madison Wood, who, in his twenty-nine-year tenure as president of Stephens, has built a tottering, fifty-two-student "female academy" into the largest women's junior college in the world. From the beginning, Wood was gravely concerned with the lack of an inspiring religious program at Stephens. He firmly believed that American colleges and universities were placing too much emphasis on cold science and economics and too little on the human soul. Wood felt the essential character of man was spiritual. Yet God, except for routine and usually meaningless chapels, was frostily ignored.

Wood longed to give his students courage and hope and sensitiveness and faith. But he found the students in Columbia strangely apathetic to religion. They told him they considered most church services dull and sterile. Local ministers responded to Wood's questions with a tart: "You'll never be able to lead those college hyenas to Christ." One, more humble than the rest, told Wood he had fasted and prayed for months, but still found it impossible to establish any real personal contact with undergraduates.

Investigation convinced Wood that to stimulate the dormant spiritual life of his idealistic but religiously impoverished girls, something new and striking was needed. Finally, his mind made up, Wood went to the Stephens board.

"Unless we want our civilization to end in an Armageddon, we must build up our spiritual forces," he said. "And to build up the spiritual forces here at Stephens, which is my first duty, I am convinced we need a layman who can speak the language of students. I want you to authorize me to go out and find a man with the social consciousness of a Louis D. Brandeis, the analytical mind of a Charles Evans Hughes, and the religious fervor of a John Knox."

It was a large order—but the board agreed. Then began a strange Odyssey of high hopes and bitter disappointments. Wherever he heard of an individual who was re-building a new faith in religion, Wood set off on another quest. He talked to charlatans and to honest but uninspiring men. And for six years he could not find the person he so desperately sought.

By this time the World War had ended, and the war-inspired godlessness, the sense of futility, of each new student body set Wood's teeth on edge. Then he heard of an editor named Jessie Burrall who was drawing enormous crowds of women government workers to a Sunday School class conducted in a downtown motion picture theater in Washington, D. C. Wood hurried to the capital, and was immediately impressed. Miss Burrall's voice was vital and thrilling. She talked intelligently on the great and often crushing problems common to all men and women. And through religion—religion laymen could understand—she gave her listeners both solace and strong new hope.

Within two weeks Wood had persuaded Miss Burrall to resign her magazine post; in a few days more she was at Stephens. And her success was immediate. Crowds such as Columbia had never seen before flocked to her services. Soon parents of University of Missouri students were clamoring for Miss Burrall's activities to be thrown open to their own sons and daughters. Ultimately (Continued on page 43)

"BEING SURE OF GOD"

A Sermon

By Ralph W. Sockman

THERE are some texts so great that a minister hesitates to take them, for he knows his sermon cannot rise to the expectations they raise. Nevertheless, in this Lenten season, the difficulties of the times drive us to seek the highest ground we know. Hence I should like to stand with you before a mountain peak of Scripture, even though I realize that our sermon cannot reach the top of it. It is the statement written by an aging man from a prison cell where he awaits execution. It is this: "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

I like that great declaration because it carries the ring of certainty and we are weary of guesses. I like it because it breathes a sense of security and we are distraught by dangers. Here is the word of a man who began in the bog of doubt and found his way to assurance. "I know whom I have believed." Let us retrace Paul's steps on the road which led from belief to certainty to see if we, too, can be sure of that which we have believed.

Paul's belief in Christ began on that fateful day when he saw Stephen, the first Christian martyr, stoned to death. As the stones fell on his body, Stephen looked steadfastly into the heavens, saying, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." Paul, standing by, beheld the radiant face of the dying Stephen and heard him pray for the forgiveness of his accusers. At the sight of such a death, Paul must have said to himself, "This man Stephen *has something*. What is the secret of such a triumph over pain and death?" Thus Paul caught the first germ of his belief in Christ from a Christian who had a triumphant faith.

And that is where religious faith starts with most of us. Look back along your own career. Were you not started in your belief by contact with some person, a parent perhaps, or a teacher, who had a contagious faith? Christianity is caught, not taught. Richard La Rue Swain, in an interesting book entitled: "What and Where Is God?", wrote that his first glimpse of God was found in his mother's face. As a little lad he was with his mother in church, his head lying in her lap as she bent down to pray. He said that when his mother first bowed her head, her face was clouded with some kind of bitterness and resentment. But as the prayer progressed, her face relaxed and became softened into a glow. That change in his mother's face, said Swain, was his first glimpse of God at work.

This catching of Christianity by contagion becomes ever more important because it is growing ever more difficult to spread religion by direct appeal. We are so deluged with propaganda, the air is so filled with voices, that words tend to lose their weight, and preaching therefore encounters ever more resistance and competition. Yet at the same time we are growing ever more susceptible to fashion and "atmosphere." Hence, we must count more and more on the contagious influence of personality in religion. And did not our Lord himself win His way far more through personality than through His preaching? Recall that day when they brought to Him the woman taken in adultery and about to be stoned. What a good opportunity



Sermon



that would have been for Jesus to have delivered a sermon on personal purity. But Jesus delivered no formal sermon. He stooped and wrote in the sand, refusing to add to the woman's embarrassment by even looking at her. Then when she had recovered a bit, He said simply, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." And the crowd melted and the woman's sinfulness with it. That was preaching through personality. Yes, if we are to revive religion we must count more and more on personal influence.

Paul, having caught the germ of belief from Stephen, could not throw it off. The idea of the Christ in whom Stephen believed haunted Paul. He tried to forget his vision, he sought to escape from the haunting thought by throwing himself into increased activity, but the Christ followed him, whispering, "Why persecutest thou Me?"

Paul's experience has been paralleled times without number by those who have caught a glimpse of Christ. The face of the Crucified haunts them, as He haunted Francis Thompson, the young medical student who sought to throw Him off by every devisable escape. Thompson describes his experience in his "Hound of Heaven." He says:

"I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;"

But ever there followed him the Figure of the Christ calling over his shoulder:

"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

Thus Francis Thompson could not escape the Christ whom he had glimpsed. Thus Paul could not escape. Thus we cannot escape. We may say that in these times men cannot follow the way of Jesus. We may conclude, as one religious leader said recently, that our present world cannot be run by saints. But say what we will, do what we please, do we not feel down deep in our hearts that Jesus had it right? Do we not feel that the way of Jesus is the road God meant us to travel? When we look at Him, do we not see mirrored the man we were meant to be?

And now we watch Paul take his second step on the road of assurance. He surrendered his will to this Christ who followed him. Ceasing to resist the call of his conscience, he cried: "What wilt Thou have me to do?" A man never truly finds freedom of mind until he finds his Master. William James, America's Number One Philosopher of the nineteenth century, was so torn by tensions and so frustrated at a certain period in his youth that he contemplated suicide. But he came through and later wrote these words: "There is a state of mind known to religious men, but to no others, in which the will to assert one's own has been displaced by a willingness to close our mouths and be as nothing in the floods and waterspouts of God. . . . The time for tension in our soul is gone, and that of happy relaxation, of calm deep breathing, of an eternal present with no discordant future to be anxious about has arrived." Yes, when a man stops trying to swim against the current of God's will, and says, "Not my will but Thine be done," he is taking Paul's second step.

But a third step must follow. The conversion of the will needs to be followed by a cultivation of the mind. This is the point where so many make a slip on the road to God. They experience what they call "conversion," meaning thereby merely a determination of the will to follow Christ. But they do not go on to convert their minds, with the result that they "backslide." I do not often hear the old-fashioned term "backslider" here in New York. Maybe it is because we have slipped so far back that there is no further room for retrogression. Ah, it is a great step when a person surrenders his will to the Lord; but remember, if he is to hold that gain he must follow it up with a cultivation of his mind. We must transform our imaginations.

And that is what Paul proceeded to do. He set himself to think on "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report." If Paul with his handicaps and persecution could find such things to think about, can we not do likewise? That would not mean shutting our eyes to the things that are hellish, but it would mean balancing our vision with things that are heavenly. And there are such things. The bounteous goodness of Mother Earth, the fidelity of friends, the laughter of little children, the growing solidarity of the church—these things go on. Let us think on them, that we may see life steadily and see it whole.

Paul also schooled his mind to look from "the things that are seen and temporal" to "the things that are unseen and eternal." Muriel Lester suggests that there is a value in waking up around two or three o'clock in the morning and looking into the unbroken darkness. Personally I have never found much to crow about when I was awakened at that hour; but I begin to see her point that when we look into the inky void of darkness the things of earth are not seen and our minds confront the vastness of the invisible. It is good for us to stare at the invisible. And have you discovered the healing power in timeless things such as lovely gardens, the endless surge of the sea, the eternal snow of a Mont Blanc or a Mount Hood? Such timeless things suggest the everlasting arms that lie underneath the change and decay which all around we see.

And now when Paul had schooled his mind to think on the things of the Christ to whom he had surrendered his will, then the sky of his faith began to clear and the clouds of doubt to disappear. The purpose of God through the ages began to unfold in his mind. He saw the reason for the struggles of the great

Hebrew race. He saw God as leading His children up to the point where in the fullness of time He sent forth His Son to redeem them. He saw the Christ as abolishing death and bringing life and immortality to light. Thus the picture puzzle of Paul's world fell into place and he could say, "I know whom I have believed."

Thus far we have traced the steps by which his mind traveled on the road from belief to certainty. But the mind alone cannot bring us to the assurance of God. The head must be teamed with the heart. Now let us look at the steps by which Paul's heart journeyed.

The first was this: "Tribulation worketh patience." Having committed his mind and heart to Christ, then all his troubles made him patient rather than impatient. The same heat which causes a cut flower to wilt makes a rooted flower to grow. If we are rooted and grounded in love, then trouble only makes our love the richer.

Sometimes I wonder how the tribulations of the present time will affect our generation. Will they blight us and make us bitter, or will they season us and strengthen us as sorrow deepens the love of a home? It depends on how well we are rooted in the soil of sacrificial love, and how sturdy is the stock of our endurance. Sometimes I fear that our modern cult of comfort has made us soft. We are not willing to stand up to hard realities. We have developed so many easy escapes. When our situations are a bit hard, we can step into a movie and be transported to the romantic realm of make-believe. We want life made easy. I heard of a summer camp in the Maine woods which advertised for patrons and put out a little descriptive booklet with the inviting title: "Roughing it Smoothly." Whatever that means, that is what we want. And when we are made soft by easy-going life, then trouble is likely to demoralize us.

Some years ago Edna Ferber in her book, "So Big," told the story of a sturdy pioneer mother who had gained strength from her hardships on the western prairies, but whose son had grown soft in the ease of Chicago. Finally, the mother says to her son: "There's something about a man who has fought for it—I don't know what it is—a look in his eye, the feel of his hand. You haven't a mark on you, not a mark. You quit being an architect or whatever it was, because architecture was an uphill, disheartening job at the time. I don't say that you should have kept on. . . . But if you had kept on—fighting and struggling and sticking it out—why that fight would show in your face today—in your eyes and your jaw and your hands and your way of standing and walking and sitting and talking. I'm not criticizing you. But you're all too smooth."

When we have grown soft in body and mind, then trouble wilts us; but when we are rooted in love and toughened by discipline, then with us as with Paul, "tribulation worketh patience."

Then the second step: "Patience worketh experience." To hold on when there's nothing left save the will which says "hold on"; to do the duty next at hand when we cannot see the distant outcome; to live greatly in small situations; to see the preciousness of common things; to feel the freshness of familiar tasks; to stand and take it, and having done all to stand—that is great living, and that kind of patience gives richer experience than all the rushing after new thrills and adventures. This we can say about our present time, that if we have the patience to hold steady we shall come through with a fortitude and understanding which should make our future rich beyond our power now to appreciate.

And now we go on to Paul's third and last step on the road to assurance. "Tribulation worketh patience, patience (worketh) experience, and experience (worketh) hope." One of the things which has always strengthened my faith is this: that those who would seem to have the most reason to doubt the goodness of God are the firmest believers in His providence. Some years ago I knew a young woman whose deformed body was a house of torture. During her last illness, a young interne stopped beside her bed and said, "Why is it that you are so cheerful in all your pain while I who have every reason to be contented am so often grouchy?" The young woman looked up with a smile, and said, "I have a (Continued on page 41)

By

DANIEL

A. POLING



A TOUCH of humor was added to my overseas journey by the criticism of a good friend, a conscientious objector, who reproached me for riding in a bomber. A peace mission, he said, should not have so warlike a chariot. I reminded him that names are sometimes misnomers. The train I frequently use between Boston, Massachusetts, and Manchester, New Hampshire, is called "The Cannonball," but of course it isn't a cannonball! My particular "bomber" was a mail ship, a ship of peace, and not for delivery to a combatant nation. However, all ships of the air, and all ships of the sea, are now potentially ships of war—the dictators are directly responsible for that.

I spent a day and night in the south of Ireland. Dublin was quiet and, to say the least, without physical indications of prosperity. The highways through Kildarney and Limerick were interrupted by cement posts and barricades set up to embarrass any invader. The fields were green and the hills hung like the proverbial emeralds in a mist-filled sky. Children were everywhere and their alert, beautiful faces belied the physical hardship and even undernourishment that in these war days are their common lot.

One question frequently discussed in America was on several occasions the subject of serious conversation while I was abroad: What is the effect of the present war on the social economy of Britain? What about the great land holdings of the nobility and the fortunes of the industrialists? What is taxation doing to the estates? Replying to such questions as these raised by me, a member of the British government remarked that only the estates producing sufficient revenues for their maintenance would remain intact after the war, and that many estates had already been broken up. He referred to one family, until recently controlling thousands of acres, that now held less than three hundred. However, he did not indicate either bitterness or disappointment at this revolutionary change.

I asked the question, "Are we moving toward a new era in which the superiority of character will be the only final superiority?" And to that he nodded assent.

One of the most colorful of the personalities with whom I talked, a gentle-



man who became my traveling companion, is the organizer and president of the largest business of its kind in the British Empire. It is, I think, the greatest industrial achievement of the after-war period. My friend is a Canadian citizen. His parents were both born in the United States and he was named for an American President. He is only forty-two, but he served with the Canadian forces in the other World War. He lives now in England on a great estate that borders the upper Thames. Without impairing his Canadian citizenship, he has been elected to Parliament and is now a sitting member. He told me that the highest net income of any man in England today is not more than twenty-five thousand dollars. The tax in his income level amounts to more than seventeen shillings on the pound. There are, of course, mainte-

nance allowances that care for certain fixed expenses of estates. They give some relief to those families that have the responsibility of a large number of servants or employees. This consideration is unanimously supported by all political groups and without it society would scarcely be able to function.

My friend said, "I have no complaint. We shall pay, pay to the last farthing, and when we have given all, we have given little by comparison with the contribution of the lads who go aloft every day and every night in defense of the empire." He continued, "I have only one concern. With me it is the supreme matter — *freedom* must be preserved. Freedom to live and to create. It is not money that matters with me, but the business that I dreamed, the establishment that is the creation of my hands,



Dr. Poling recently traveled through the countries affected by the war on an important mission, and made notes of his vivid impressions for *Christian Herald*

my brain and heart. And this same opportunity must be preserved for my children and eventually it must be the right of youth everywhere in the world. Money is only a symbol. At last it only stands for the greater thing. How surely we see that now, and how gladly we accept the new order."

It will be well for Americans, for all of us, to accept that new order, for a new order is being born in the earth, a new order in the history of man, with character and not the mere accumulation of things or the gathering of tangles, with character as the goal of man's achievement and the mark of final superiority.

I have been asked whether I found men and women overseas critical of the American attitude toward the war, reproachful because we have not done more in support of the struggling democracies. I found little of this criticism, indeed practically none in England.

General deGaulle of Free France, who had just returned from five months on the various fronts when I talked with him, was different. He said that he could not understand why America had failed to realize the full significance of the present struggle. Perhaps he more than any other man had the right to thus express himself. But even he was attentive and courteous when he was reminded of the cosmopolitan character of our American society. Even he granted that there were at least two sides to the discussion.

The General is a tall and soldierly figure. He may not be the most impressive or authoritative personality in the war, but more and more he is the symbol of the France that did not surrender and that will not die. His following increases in number and gathers moral strength each day. It is destined, I believe, to become a powerful factor in the ever-enlarging struggle.

There are two spots in London where on each visit I never fail to go, two shrines where, however brief my visit, I stand and linger. One is Westminster and the other the memorial to Edith Cavell. I am glad that the Abbey survives, for it more than any other holy place is the shrine of religion and the altar of freedom in the world. For me there is beautiful significance in the fact that the tomb of David Livingston and the memorial to the Unknown Soldier are just one grave removed from each other in the central hall of the nave. Until my eyes were covered with a mist, I read as I have read often before these words, "They buried him among kings

because he had done good toward God and toward his house . . . In Christ shall all be made alive." And then above the dust of the man who opened the heart of Africa to the feet of civilization and to the love of Christ, I read these words, "All I can add in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone, American, English, Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world." I walked quietly from those tombs to the monument of Edith Cavell and read the last message of the heroic nurse, shining down upon the busy thoroughfare, "Patriotism is not enough. I must have no bitterness or hatred for anyone."

All around is the rubble of this greatest of all wars, the ruins and devastation of bombs, land mines, and answering gunfire. Overhead are the defensive balloons and far away the rumble of coastal batteries. But in these words of the immortals who lived and died for their fellow-men is the hope of the race and the promise of the peace.

My luncheon with the Sunday School Union of Britain was a happy event; and my tea with the young people of London just before the blackout, will never be forgotten. We talked of conventions and conferences in London, in Berlin, and in Budapest, of those good days when the youth groups of the nations met in the promise of the peace, and when we dreamed our dreams and saw our visions of the brotherhood of man in the Fatherhood of God.

At lunch one day in the home of venerable friends, whom I met first while preaching as a summer supply in City Temple, I sensed conditions under which even the aged lived, the sacrificial quality of home life. These friends had lived always in comfortable circumstances. Though retired now, the husband in his field was the greatest manufacturer in all the British Empire. That early afternoon, I watched him cut the slices thin, and knew that he was sharing with me the reserve portion of the week. What would you think of one fresh egg each week of the month, with one week of the month counted out for each adult? Nor would I suggest starvation in prospect. But there is careful, scientific rationing of food, and today the food situation in Britain is vastly better than it was in the same period of the other world war. Children are given first thought. Orange juice is for them, and the milk and the butter. Nor does England complain. That is as she would have it. The result is observed on every hand. Children are

healthy, buoyant, vividly alive; and the boys and girls of London's East Side and of underprivileged homes generally, are in better physical condition than they were before the war began. The State has assumed and is discharging the responsibility that war compels but that peace should not neglect. Perhaps here is one of the emerging compensations for the ghastly conflict. Perhaps we are learning now, learning never to forget, the fuller measure of our social responsibility.

These old friends of mine were facing another problem: From having been surrounded by servants, they have now one servant to care for their house and all their personal needs. This one servant, a young woman of unusual quality and ability, had been "called up." What was to be done about that? The head of the house is eighty-seven; and his wife, ten years younger. But still there was no complaint.

I have also in mind the girls of the Central Control Station in Plymouth, the young women who wait day and night for the reports of bombings and who keep the record of the raids. Twice bombed from their hidden retreat, quietly, efficiently, they were carrying on in their new and even more carefully hidden offices. When, with the Lord Mayor, I visited them, they scarcely noted our presence as they paid attention to their tasks. That morning, the record stood at 217 air raids, and for each raid there was a map, and on each map every bomb dropped, exploded or unexploded, was marked. Every building destroyed, every devastated area, was also marked, marked in red, so that an ambulance would not be rushed off needlessly to a point perhaps long since devastated.

The finger of Viscount Astor rested on one red dot, and he said, "That was a house. The ship went over; and when it was reported returning, we assumed that it had dropped its load. But it had one bomb left — a land mine. That land mine scored a direct hit on this cottage. A mother, the wife of a soldier, with her three children, was within. But when the ambulance came, not a fragment of bomb, not a bloody shred of clothing, not a button remained." Incredible is the force, the destructive power, of a land mine; and where that agent of death made its direct hit, there is now a heap of brick red rubble, not three feet high. When the soldier-husband and father returned there remained for him not even a pathetic souvenir.

Speaking of the Control Station, the Lord Mayor of Plymouth said, "These girls have never failed. Never has there been the slightest indication of fear. Never has one deserted her post. Some have died in the line of duty, but the line has never been broken."

At the corner of the Lord Mayor's residence was a bomb hole. I stood and watched while a gas main was repaired, and the man by my side said, "That

(Continued on page 42)

By

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

A LOVELY little eighteen-month-old toddler stands by the window, idly amusing herself by pulling the wings from flies. Fifty years ago, her parents would have raged at her for hideous cruelty. They know better now. They have learned enough about human psychology to realize that she is not what her actions seem so plainly to indicate, an unfeeling monster, but only so inexperienced in life as not to know that other sentient creatures suffer when they are hurt, exactly as she herself does. If the child's mother is reasonably informed and sensible, she does not scream blamingly at the little girl, for having a quality (wilful cruelty) which she hasn't at all. Like all moderns she had been taught that in human behavior as in pellagra or typhoid fever, attack on a symptom is a waste of time, and that the cause of the symptom is the thing to look for and to cope with. It is plain that the cause of the child's action is ignorance of what she is doing. So the mother does not scold the little thing for being "bad." She tries to make her understand that the suffering felt by others is exactly as painful to them as her own suffering is to her. She knows that if she can make the child realize the anguish felt by the flies, she will, of her own accord, stop hurting them. That is, the mother from her experience of life, knows that she can count on the fact that normal human beings do not enjoy causing pain to others, or seeing others in pain, and that, for the most part, when they seem indifferent or callous to suffering in others, it is because of lack of experience, or lack of imagination which prevents their knowing what they are doing. If she can make her little girl really aware that she is inflicting torture, the child will recoil from her own action by a human instinct as deep-seated as any other of our basic reactions.

Turn from the toddler to ourselves, grown-up men and women. If there is one thing we can be sure of in our complex incalculable human personalities, it is that if while we were casually amusing ourselves with croquet or golf balls on the grass in front of our home, a man should stagger in and fall, visibly dying of hunger or disease, there before us, we would not go on idly knocking those balls around his prostrate form. Not one of us would be callous enough for that. We could not resist the instinct to help him. Yet we can, and most of us placidly do—even quite good people—go on spending money on extras we don't need, often on things we don't even much like, which we acquire only because we see others owning them, although we know that that money, translated into action by some of the great humane organizations of our tragic period of history, would save the lives of fellow men and women dying, literally of physical hunger, and morally of disheartenment and despair. Why do we? For the same reason the tiny child tortures flies, because of lack of imagination, not because of conscious cruelty. For others to scold us raggingly, or for us to scold ourselves emotionally for being "bad," is as beside the mark and hence ineffectual as was the old-time excitable screaming, and cuffing of the small child's ears. Like her, we are behaving badly not out of innate viciousness, but out of ignorance. If we realized what we are doing, we would act better. We can count on that, absolutely.

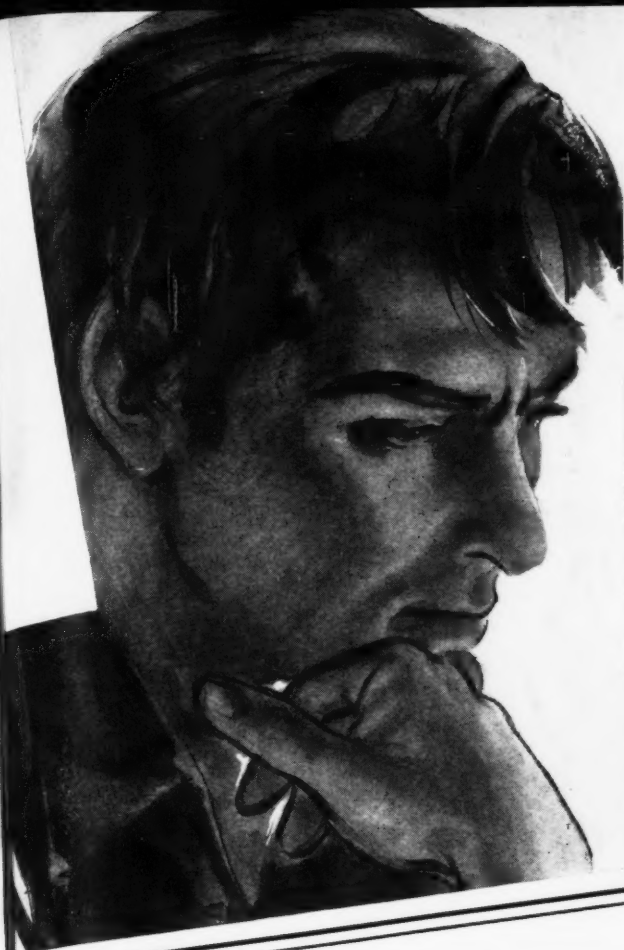
So it is against our ignorance and consequent lack of imagination that we should take action. We know accurately where to direct our efforts. We also know accurately how to combat ignorance. By informing oneself of the facts. It is as simple as

that. Yet it is not so simple either, for there are inner barriers in every one of us which prevent our trying to find out painful facts, which make us, to give a concrete example, give but a hurried, sketchy reading to such articles and reports on the relief work of our Christian churches as have been prepared and published by the committee on War Emergency Relief of each denomination. If those reports were letters from flesh-and-blood brothers or sisters of ours (*and what else are they?*), these accounts of what life now is for the prisoners of war, for the Chinese refugees, for Christians suffering for their faith in totalitarian countries the rulers of which hate all religious faiths, for the heartsick lonely exiles in our own country and in the southern hemisphere—well, we just would not go on knocking those croquet balls around our front lawn. We know that. Our imagination would take fire in a blaze of compassion and passionate determination to help, if a son of ours or a daughter were shut up to starvation and disease behind the barbed wire of a concentration camp. If out of our home windows we saw a neighbor's house on fire, with people trying to escape hanging by their hands to the windowsills of the third-story windows, we would not need anyone to exhort us to be "good." We could not finish our meal to the last spoonful of dessert, before trying to save them.

To try now so to insulate ourselves from the misery of the world by ignorance of it, by turning our attention away from accounts of it, as to be able to keep our personal lives "normal," is quite obviously abnormal behavior for human beings. We are living in the midst of one of the most gigantic tragedies our human race has ever encountered. We can rise to meet it by living on quite another plane as men and women rise to meet other enormous cataclysms, like a hurricane or an earthquake. Ordinary behavior suitable for ordinary times, is unseemly and inadmissible in great crises. If, while a torrential river in full flood tore past a home, undermining the very earth on which the house stood, we saw the mother of the family "keeping home-life normal" by polishing the top of her dining-room table, we would not admire her for protecting her family from morbid nervous strain. We would accurately set her down as a shallow fool, we would pity her children.

We act like her in a good many of our attempts to protect ourselves from "getting depressed" by the tragedy now being enacted all around the globe. Of course "depression" is not

Keeping
Normal



**MORBID AND PASSIVE
THINKING IS DANGEROUS
TO OUR NATIONAL AND
INDUSTRIAL MORALE**

avoided by ignoring the tragedy—which can't be done—but by helping to the limit of our powers one or another of the efforts made by devoted workers to alleviate intolerable human misery. If we would attentively read, mark and understand, the reports from the front of such workers, we could no more refuse to give them aid far beyond our usual mild efforts, than we could help rushing to snatch up extra blankets for a rescue band setting out from our front doors to save children lost in a snowstorm. We don't need to be "good" to do that—just to be human.

Now there must be inner barriers which prevent us from opening our eyes really to see what is set before us by members of the rescue parties, who came back, panting from the struggle to save human beings from dying of hunger and cold. What are they? If we know what they are, we can more accurately throw our weight against them and so escape from the dismal cold twilight of self-centered passivity into the golden life-giving

warmth of selfless vital service to our fellows in terrible need.

A recent carefully conducted modern research about the way in which the victims of totalitarian persecution reacted to the treatment given them, throws new light on the workings of human nature in crises and so will help us manage more effectively our own individual human natures in this crisis. It was found that almost without exception, all such victims—the Roman Catholics, the politically liberal, the Jewish, the Protestants—when they first became aware of the terrible danger threatening them, passed through a strange phase of clinging blindly to the crumbling forms of their old lives, of succumbing irrationally to what William James called the treacherous lure of the familiar. Like the house-mother polishing the dining-room table in flood times, their first instinctive reaction was to try to escape from knowing what was going on, by immersing themselves desperately in the familiar details of what had always been their safe, individual, personal life. The mother of a family, wife of a leading Protestant clergyman whose integrity was a menace to Nazi doctrines, would not—for a time *could* not—put her mind on what was the best thing for them to do, which would of course have been to escape from the country. No, her fright, her horror, her consternation drove her to—what do you suppose? To



"WE MUST KEEP CHEERFUL"



house-cleaning her home from cellar to attic, over and over again! A cultivated Jewish family refused at first to take advantage of offers of help in leaving Germany and drowned out the hideous sounds of an approaching pogrom by applying themselves with passion to playing Mozart together. None of them seemed able at first to realize that the old daily, familiar life, with its associations of sweet security, was no longer a refuge. Here perhaps is an indication as to an inner barrier in our minds which keeps us from reacting with courage and energy to a new and dreadful reality. When, shrinking away even from knowing in authentic awful (Continued on page 47)



A church building committee in operation, as shown in the motion picture "One Foot in Heaven"—Courtesy Warner Brothers.

TO BUILD . . . or not to build

by E. M. Conover

DIRECTOR, INTERDENOMINATIONAL BUREAU OF ARCHITECTURE

MANY congregations are asking this question today. One recent letter said: "Our church building has just burned to the ground. How can we rebuild if we can't get any materials?" And another: "We have sold our church property in anticipation of building on another site. Now the buyer wants to take possession and we don't know whether we can get materials for our new building." And still another: "For some years we have been accumulating a building fund. Now we are ready to go ahead, but do not want to find ourselves with half a church and not be able to finish it."

"We are a brand-new community surrounding a defense plant. We want to build a church. Should we go ahead?" "Our roof is beginning to go—what can we do?" "Our heating plant has gone bad, can we get another one?"

It was with the special purpose of considering these matters that the church extension boards of the various denominations met recently in Trenton, New Jersey. Several of the architects now active in church building projects were consulted and in this article we will attempt to hand on to you the answers to these puzzling questions. Of course, it must be stated that no one, not even the government itself, can give absolute answers on the matter of priorities. We do not pretend to do so. No matter what anyone in authority says, any decision can be revoked at any time if the public

safety or our war effort demands it.

Nevertheless, there are many products used in church building which have not yet been severely restricted and many substitutes are available for some of those that have been. Lumber and stone and plaster and glass as well as paint and bricks and wrought iron for plumbing are still available and probably will be. Carpets can still be had and some grades of linoleum. Wall board and acoustic material have not been rationed and probably won't be. So you can see that practically all of the basic materials of a church building are obtainable. Perhaps the greatest difficulty will come with the hardware and fixtures. These require the metals which are increasingly scarce. However, manufacturers, architects and contractors are already working on temporary substitutes. A new plastic has been tried for leaders and gutters which has been found most satisfactory.

What then should be the procedure? If your church building is destroyed by fire or other cause, make arrangements for a temporary meeting place and immediately appoint a committee to study the needs of your congregation. If the population of your town is fairly static you can determine from past attendance how much seating capacity you need. If the membership of your church has largely moved to another section of the city, perhaps the committee will find that it would be wise to sell your present plot and buy one in another locality. The

actual organizations and work of the church requiring rooms should be reviewed so that adequate space may be allocated to them in the plans. Even if your maximum requirements cannot be met, it is better to include them in your original plans. Naturally, the Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture stands ready to advise your committee on any points which present a real problem.*

As soon as this work is under way, start your contact with the architect. Even though you eventually find it impossible to go ahead with your building plans, you should select your architect so that he can be studying the findings of your research committee. Remember that even if you start working today on your new building program, it will be six months to a year before you are ready to present plans to a contractor for bids.

If you wish to sell or tear down your present church and build anew, you should follow almost the same procedure. Get all the preliminary work done. Start raising the money while money is flowing freely. Appoint your research committee, select your architect (his drawings will be necessary in raising funds). When everything is ready for the contractor, let him tell you whether he can guarantee the materials. If he can, go ahead and sell your property or demolish your old building and start on the new project.

Just a word now about repairing or modernizing your church. Most of the materials required are not scarce as yet. Don't stop planning just because you think you can't carry out your ideas.

Above all do not assume that you cannot build or remodel because some other project has been stopped. In each case there are circumstances which, presented to the authorities, may get special rulings. We do not mean special influence which some groups may think they have. *This does not work.* Do not try to get favoritism. The government has provided avenues through which your case as an individual project may be studied and perhaps given the "go ahead" on the one product you are having trouble securing.

Some people have expressed the thought that it would not be patriotic to build a church when the money, materials and labor are so badly needed elsewhere. This is not, we believe, the viewpoint of the government. They will see to it that you do not get materials or labor needed for the war effort. As for the money, it might better be at use than lying idle in a bank. For the next year or so money will be plentiful: raise it now even if you can't spend it till later. *There will be no more effective cushion for the inevitable shifts in employment after the war is over than money saved now for building then.*

*Address, 297 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.



J. D.'s WIFE WAS BUT SIXTEEN WHEN HE, A LAD OF NINETEEN, MARRIED HER

"J. D."

By HENRY H. CRANE

HE WOULD be the first to deny any outstanding characteristics that would justify the term "unusual." He would be the last to claim any kind of distinction. He would insist that he was just a common man. And he was—but common as air is common, whose indispensability we never guess until we are threatened with its loss; common as water is common, without which shipwrecked men go mad; common as God's sky is common, lit by day with the blazing sun and starred at night with whirling worlds of beauty; common as the Son of Man was common, who ate with publicans and sinners, who mingled with the bad and the broken as the sunlight mingles with the mud, not to be polluted, but to purify, and who went about doing good and sowing the seed that would bring forth a harvest of righteousness. J. D. James was common—like that!

Despite appearances to the contrary, there is only one genuinely great strain in human blood, the common strain. The preferred stock of the race is the common stock. The really unusual leaders, the uncrowned, unheralded great ones, appear as the wild flowers, growing in the untilled land, blossoming in the hedgerows. The plants in the royal hot-houses, the carefully cultivated, specially privileged flowers by and by get pretty spindling. He who makes men out of the dust of the ground creates a superior soul when He gets ready and where He will.

J. D. James was born in the "Copper

Country," in Humboldt, Michigan. His parents, God-fearing, honest, vigorously independent spirits, had come from Cornwall, England, to build a home in the Land of Opportunity. Though they had scant worldly goods with which to endow their son, they had ample wealth of character to make him a spiritual millionaire, if he but had sense enough to appropriate his heritage. How heavily "J. D." drew upon these rich character resources only those who knew him most intimately could appreciate. And how he enhanced their value! Like the wise banker he was he invested heavily—and made vast dividends, which naturally enough he laid up "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

I suppose that was what impressed me most and made him so unusual. He was the richest man I have ever known. He had more honest-to-goodness wealth than anyone could compute. None better than a preacher knows that real wealth is vastly more than a matter of money, stocks and bonds, property and material possessions. To find a layman who not only knows it, but lives in terms of such knowledge, is a rare and blessed experience. J. D. James had money. He made lots of it—and in the cleanest business I know, Mutual Life Insurance. But his wealth was not in his pocket-book; it was in his spirit, his God-blessed, opulent, lavish heart. Money to him was but a medium through which he could pour out his concern, his interest, his

Fifth of a series on THE MOST UNUSUAL LAYMAN OF MY MINISTRY



creative affection for people he could help and for causes he could champion. He gave with prodigality, discrimination and a high sense of stewardship—and without the slightest ostentation. Few in the Church knew that he was the largest contributor to it. Fewer still ever knew of the thousands of dollars he invested in other Christian institutions. And to none but his wife and a very few intimates was the amount ever divulged that he invested in young men struggling to build their businesses and homes. It is a very unusual layman who is really *independently* wealthy—that is, actually independent of what he has got. "J. D." as we affectionately called him, had money—but it never had him. That is unusual.

Then, too, he was uniquely loyal. If there is anything a preacher prizes in a layman it is the kind of loyalty that scorns computation, justification, or even defection. Such loyalty is God-like—and how rare. For one to be loyal to you—up to a certain point, only so long as you deserve it, or until you fail, is not enough. Genuine loyalty means that you stick to me even when I bring evidence against myself—for that is when I need you most. And "J. D." knew it—and always stuck with an almost unmeasured, unreasoning, unrelenting stubbornness. And to his Home, his Church, his City, his Country and the Kingdom of God he was not otherwise. Most human beings are all too skillful in discovering reasons for forgetting loyalty when it involves even inconvenience, not to mention "the weightier matters of the law." Not so "J. D." Whenever I think of him I somehow find myself repeating my Uncle's verse entitled, MY FRIEND:

"He is my friend who loves me true,
Whate'er I do;
Who loves me, and yet more than me,
What I might be;
Whose trust in me's not even stirred
By my own word;
Who's loyal to me even when I
Myself belie.
I think, with such a friend, I'd be
Even such as he."

"J. D." was invigoratingly, everlastingly enthusiastic. And with the innumerable company of the anemic, listless, negative spirits that *can* congregate in a single Church, or even in a Chamber of Commerce, one healthy, unabashed, robust enthusiast is worth his weight in platinum. I do not mean the rowdyish, back-slapping, and altogether annoying effervescence that some bubbling broth-

(Continued on page 43)



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

MARCH, 1942

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

SUNDAY, MARCH 1

FORWARD MARCH

"SPEAK . . . THAT THEY GO FORWARD."
READ EXODUS 14:1-16.

MARCH is often a month of blustery winds and drenching rains. But it is also the month of stirring beneath the soil. Nature's forces are marshaling for the annual assault on the drabness and dreariness of winter. Spring is on the way. What of the spiritual equivalent? It is the time when we must resolve anew to make our lives tell for God. We can put off the austere look, moodiness and moroseness, and the unlovely disposition. We can also break free from indolence and apathy. Start again, actively to serve Christ.

Fill our souls with new ardor for Thy cause and kingdom, O Lord, that we may strive to spread Thy sway, Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 2

UNSETTLED WEATHER

"THERE COMETH A SHOWER."
READ LUKE 12:54-59.

MARK TWAIN, as often quoted, remarked that people were always talking about the weather, but no one ever did anything about it. That is true. And, oddly enough, we often let the weather spoil our temper as well as our plans. What about making the best of it, no matter whether it be wet or dry, cool or warm? Dickens says, "There is something good in all weathers. If it doesn't happen to be good for my work today, it is for some other man's and will come around for me tomorrow."

Give us that due sense of Thy loving care that we may be saved from complaint and self-pity, Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3

LIFE'S UNCERTAINTIES

"THIS IS THE WAY: WALK YE IN IT."
READ ISAIAH 30:19-26.

A MOTORIST in Kentucky, wishing to get to Cincinnati, asked a man to direct him. He told him one way, then

contrarily advised another; and then, finished up, "If I were you, and aiming for Cincinnati, I wouldn't start from here, anyhow." That is much like the counsel of the world. People tell us how to secure happiness, how to make a success of life. They do not appear either happy or successful themselves. But there is only one way to reach life's supreme blessings. That way is mapped in the Bible. It is embodied in Christ. Follow Him, and you cannot miss the road.

O Thou, who art Thyself the way, the truth, and the life, guide us by Thy gracious Spirit, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4

REAL LENGTH OF DAYS

"WITH LONG LIFE WILL I SATISFY HIM."
READ PSALM 91:9-16.

SOME twenty years ago, the span of human life averaged only thirty years. Now, owing to the work of medical science, a fuller knowledge of the human body, and the willingness of people to cooperate with such findings, the average life has increased to sixty years. Yet it is quality, not quantity. The longest life ever lived was not Methuselah's, but that which was compassed by some thirty-three years—the earthly life of our Lord. How He made every hour tell, and every day yield its good for eternity! Not mere length of days, but love, loyalty, and lavished service really count.

Help us, O God, whatever our tasks, our sphere, our powers, to live our utmost every day for Thee, Through Christ, Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5

WISHFUL THINKING

"BEHOLD THIS DREAMER COMETH."
READ GENESIS 37:13-20.

JOSEPH'S brethren were mistaken in disparaging him as a mere dreamer. He was a doer as well. But there are dreamers who let it go at that. Someone asks, "Do you belong to the wishbone class, the class of folks who long that wealth

and fame might flow to them for just a little song? Who wish that ease might be their lot, and praise their fortune, too, while all the while they nod and smile, and naught but nothing do?" This is certain: the Christian may long for a better world, but he must labor for it. Then Christ's day shall come.

By Thine imparted grace, inspire our hearts, O Lord, to strive every day to glorify Thy name by earnest effort, Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6

DREAMING AND DOING

"DO ALL IN THE NAME OF THE LORD JESUS."
READ COLOSSIANS 3:12-17.

FROM what we said in the previous meditation, the need for doing God's will, as well as approving of it, will be seen. Again our unknown counselor demands, "Do you belong to the backbone class, the class of folks who work from early morn till late at night, and never duty shirk? Who dig right in and fight their way toward the grand success that waits around the corner for folks who give and always do their best?" That kind of Christian commends his blessed Master by showing the same earnestness and intensity which marked our Saviour's life.

In the common tasks of life, help us, O Jesus, that we may magnify Thee by our diligence and fidelity. Through Thy grace, Amen.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7

DOING WITHOUT GOD?

"WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD."
READ EPHESIANS 2:1-13.

A LITTLE fellow was saying his evening prayers. Toward the end, he broke off from the accustomed petitions, and said, "And dear God, please take care of Yourself. If anything should happen to You, I don't know how we could get on without You." The simplicity of the thought reveals a vital truth. So many people think they can get on without Him. Yet we who know His

gracious help. His comfort in sorrow, His mercy and love in giving Christ for our salvation, marvel that any should voluntarily forfeit such great blessings. Count on God today!

For Thy gracious, loving care, and Thy gifts in Christ Jesus, we bless Thy name through our Redeemer, Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8

EACH PEARL A PRAYER

"TEACH US TO NUMBER OUR DAYS."

READ PSALM 90:1-12.

THAT lovely song, "The Rosary" describes the parts of which life is made up as, "Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer." Prayer may lift the soul nearer to God. It may be a means of blessing to some other soul. It may bring courage and cheer to our own hearts, as well as to those we touch on life's way. What an inspiration it would be to make every hour tell for the soul's good and the Father's glory. That can be done. Try it out today. Every hour—as well as every day—shall yield some good.

By Thy sufficient grace, O Father, help us to live in unbroken union with Thee. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 9

A WORD IN SEASON

"A WORD FITLY SPOKEN."

READ PROVERBS 25:1-12.

LIKE the small tablets which contain vitamins, the wise man says, "It is worth remembering that you cannot whitewash yourself by blackening others. Success comes in cans, failure in can'ts. A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work. Cheerfulness greases the axles of the world. And luck needs a 'p' in front of it to make it worth while." Strangely enough, you will find those maxims are embodied in the teaching and example of the Lord Jesus. Look for their equivalents in your Bible reading.

O Master, enrich our hearts with all heavenly wisdom, that we may live discreetly and bravely to Thy glory. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

"HE . . . SHALL NOT WALK IN DARKNESS."

READ JOHN 8:12-19.

IN A recent broadcast, J. B. Priestley, the novelist, described walking through a district with which he had been familiar for years. What he could have done in ten minutes, took more than an hour. Why? The black-out had extinguished the street lights. That is

just a dim figure of what the world would be without the light of Christ and His glorious gospel. What would life be without Him? We cannot even imagine it. Then let us give Him His rightful place in our hearts. Then shall we know the light by which to trace life's path aright.

Gracious Lord, help us so to live near Thee, that Thou mayest be our light to guide us in every path. Through Thy Spirit, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11

SMALL THINGS

"THY SPEECH BETRAYETH THEE."

READ MATTHEW 26:69-75.

THE trivial may prove most important. If the needle loses its point, there is no point in keeping it. If the postage stamp cannot stick to one thing, it will never get there. If the scissors-blades cannot cooperate and work together, it is certain they cannot work apart. Or, as the wit says, "Pins and people amount to very little if they lose their heads." All of which suggests that the minor virtues of punctuality, integrity, courtesy, thoroughness, and kindness—if they are minor—may speak eloquently of our discipleship. Can people see we belong to Christ?

Empower us by Thy Spirit, O Saviour, that in life's daily tasks we may adorn Thy gospel. For Thy love's sake, Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12

LIFE'S CONTROLLING HAND

"HE WILL EVER BE MINDFUL."

READ PSALM 111.

ONE of the cheering things of life is its compensations. It has been said, "Who never wept knows laughter but a jest. Who never failed, no victory has sought. Who never suffered never lived his best. Who never doubted, never really thought. Who never feared, real courage has never shown. Who never falters, lacks a real intent. Whose soul was never troubled has not known the sweetness and the peace of real content." So, if the way is steep, remember it is leading to loftier height.

Give us grace, dear Master, to see the blessings which Thou hast set within reach of faith's hand. Through Thy love, Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13

CONQUER YOUR FEARS

"THOU SHALT NOT BE AFRAID."

READ PSALM 91:1-8.

A MAN who was calling on a business acquaintance, found a dog ranging the

front yard. He was afraid of dogs. What should he do? He thought at first he would return some other time. Then again, he knew that dogs sometimes put on a fierce air for the sake of appearances. Boldly, he marched up to the front door. The dog, seeing that, decided the man must belong there, and so he quietly lay down. Isn't that just the way! If we took our courage in both hands, if we believed in the un-failing care of God, fears would vanish.

Gird us with strength, O God. So shall we show that our trust is in Thee. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14

TRUE CONTENTMENT

"IN WHATSOEVER STATE I AM . . ."

READ PHILIPPIANS 4:8-13.

ONE of the easiest things in the world is to allow discontent to rob us of initiative, industry, and inspiration. Someone has said, more forcibly than politely, "A lot of people who talk profusely about capital and labor never had any capital, and never did any labor—when they could get out of it." Well, to sit down, complaining of our lot, makes all our blessings seem to shrink into nothingness, and life's injustices and inequalities become mountains. But the mind set to obey and glorify God is that which enables us to make the most of ourselves and our talents.

Give us, O Father, the thankful heart. So shall we be aided by Thy Spirit to live joyously and triumphantly. Through our Saviour's grace, Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15

OVERFLOWING MERCIES

"GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEED."

READ PHILIPPIANS 4:10-19.

THE wealth of language which Paul uses is somewhat diminished by our translation, for when the Apostle speaks of God's bounty, he does more than say our need shall just be supplied. The original states that the supply shall be generously adequate, full to the brim, flowing over.

Bounteous Father, for the riches of Thy love in Christ Jesus we adore Thy name this day. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 16

"THE SEAL OF THINE HOUSE."

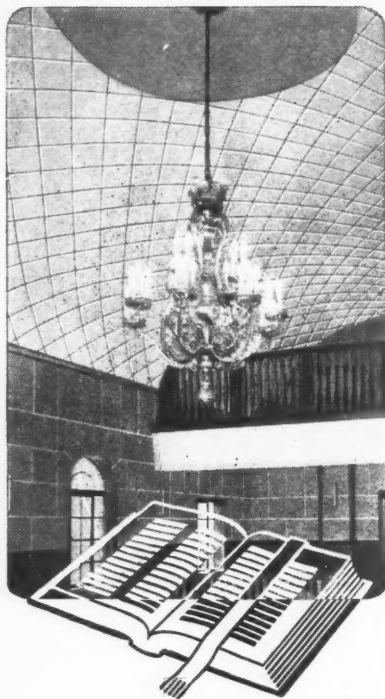
READ PSALM 69:1-9.

TO SEE a motor-policeman pull up a motorist for speeding is a common sight on the highway. But he may also berate another for going too slowly. We can understand the fervent wish, "Next to (Continued on page 58)"

HOWARD RUSHMORE'S

MOTION PICTURE

Comments



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America's small towns afford a fertile field for movie plots because here in a tightly-knit setting are the ingredients for drama, tragedy, comedy and above all, humanity. Warner Brothers have blended all these elements in the cinema story of *Kings Row* and have produced one of the most gripping films of the new year. And, we might add, the best acted.

But is it the small town most of us Americans know? Casey Robinson, who adapted *One Foot in Heaven* gave us characters we recognized at once; they were people, both good and bad, we knew or had known. They emerged, vividly, as individuals typical of the communities in which they lived. And they were human. But Robinson, in the script of *Kings Row*, has drawn types, no matter how dramatically, which are foreign to the average small-town American. We don't remember Parris Mitchell's or Cassandra Tower's and although we admire or dislike them, we cannot connect them with realities. And to our mind people like Preacher Spence and those around him were characters worthy of the best in dramatics. Unlike the cast of *Kings Row* they were part of humanity, not crushed by it.

No, this isn't a happy story, but it is an immensely absorbing one. There is an almost Hamlet-like, ethereal quality about the struggle of Parris Mitchell, a small-town boy, who from the first was caught in the slings and stung by the arrows of a sardonic fortune. And his fight is the story of *Kings Row*.

Parris is a product of the "right side of the railroad tracks" raised a perfect gentleman by a devoted grandmother, yet a bewildered figure of man beset by troubles in a world not of his creating. His childhood love for Cassandra ends horribly when the latter's father, Dr. Tower, kills Cassandra and commits suicide. Parris' best friend, Drake McHugh, a happy-go-lucky individual, loses both legs in an accident and Parris returns from Vienna where he is studying medicine to cure his friend. But he finds that Drake is being cared for by a girl, Randy Monaghan, daughter of a railroad man from the "wrong side" of the tracks. Together they help Drake regain his confidence and Parris finds happiness just as he had become convinced that he was a failure condemned to a life of perpetual indecision.

The social studies of small-town America are minor highlights in what primarily is a story of two young men who face life and either meet or bow to it. The fundamental motive of courage is excellently drawn and the condemnation of *Kings Row* caste system is merciless and accurately told. But the overall effect is one of morbid unreality; courage is here but not truth.

Kings Row is populated with a fine cast,

headed by Robert Cummings and Ann Sheridan, both of whom turn in outstanding performances. But top honors go to Betty Field and Ronald Reagan who are exceptionally good as Cassandra Tower and Drake McHugh. We have sharp criticism of the picture's fundamental theme, but not its acting. For that alone, it is a treat to all adults.

Nazi spies in occupied France are becoming favorite screen villains and in RKO's *Joan of Paris* they were never more menacing. However, a French waitress, aided by British fliers and a priest, escape them and indicates that France's bondage is only temporary. The new French star, Michele Morgan, is fine in the leading role with Thomas Mitchell, Paul Henreid and May Robson rounding out the cast.

Preston Sturges, rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's most sensational directors, has turned out an unusual picture in Paramount's *Sullivan's Travels*, a satire on the movie world and a somber look at poverty itself. Minus certain vulgarities, it would have been a fine picture, but we certainly objected to some of the allegedly humorous scenes. But we grant Sturges is marvelous at portraying economic misfortune and in this respect, the film is an excellent job.

You 4-H Club members will enjoy *Young America*, a film proving that the old homestead has definite advantages over city life. With Jane Withers, Jane Darwell and William Tracy. A 20th Century-Fox picture.

A sailor's life is all play and musical comedy according to Paramount's *The Fleet's In*, and we hope some admirals assigns Dorothy Lamour, William Holden, Betty Hutton and the rest of the cast to permanent shore duty.

A radio correspondent who breaks up a Nazi spy ring in Lisbon is the subject of Paramount's *The Lady Has Plans*. With Ray Milland and Paulette Goddard.

Woman of the Year is a finely-acted story of a newspaper columnist who must decide whether she prefers marriage or a career. In finally selecting the former, Katharine Hepburn turns in a splendid performance and is aided no little by Spencer Tracy, her reporter-husband. An amusing MGM comedy for adults only.

Joe Smith, America is a moving account of an aircraft worker who defies the attempts of Nazi spies to obtain the secret of a bombsight which he helped construct. This timely MGM film features Robert Young and Marsha Hunt.

The Country Preacher Says:

HERE the Preacher is, up in old Vermont. He came up from Connecticut yesterday, the 23d. Yes, the 23d of January, his birthday. The evening before, a good former parishioner arrived, with a beautiful birthday cake, candles and all. It was a nut cake with frosting—nuts ground up and mixed in. At the supper table they sang "Happy Birthday," and Mrs. Preacher gave me a rubber-lined bag to carry my shaving things in on my frequent trips—just what I wanted. Virginia gave me a barometer—one that stands on your desk and will tell when a storm is coming. I have long wished for one. Did you hear about the minister's wife who, in frantic haste to get her husband's temperature, and not having a clinical thermometer, rushed to the porch for an outdoor one, and in her haste grabbed the barometer instead. After a careful test, she drew it from his mouth, and it read, "Dry and Windy."

The Preacher stayed overnight at a fine home last week, and in talking about children, the subject of public vs. private schools came up. The mother had wanted a girl entering high to go to a prep school; but the girl cried and cried so that "we finally gave in to her and let her stay where she was," said the mother. Pains-taking checkups show that boys from public schools do so much better in college and afterward than the boys from prep schools, and, believe it or not, the same is true with girls. In the great world the young people will have to fight the battle of life with "all sorts and conditions of men," so let them learn how, and not grow up in just one section of society. In one college it was found that not more than half of the prep school boys ever graduated at all.

The Preacher baptized the twelfth baby of a family the other Sunday. The twelve children and the father and mother were all there, and stayed throughout. Fourteen from one family is the largest number I guess we ever had. In the body of the church they made quite a sizable congregation of themselves. Not one bit of noise or disturbance from any of them. Why shouldn't children be in the church? There they will absorb religion—the only way they will ever get any. They may learn about God in the Sunday School, but in the church they learn of God himself.

George B. Gilbert.

(Continued from page 31)

secret." "What is it?" he asked. She replied, "God is love."

Curiously enough that confident affirmation comes from the poor and afflicted with more frequency than from the affluent and the healthy. The most pessimistic utterances come from the pent-house writers seated among their cushions, while the most hopeful words rise from those who are struggling against odds. It is those who have gone down into the depths of life who are most certain of its heights. That is why I find so convincing the words of the veteran Paul, writing from prison, mind you, and saying: "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."



"That baby's got her buffaloed!"



1. My in-laws were at it again. Gosh, I can't leave the room for a minute without their talking about me! And the funny part of it is, they like me. They just think I take my baby-raising too seriously. But last Saturday I showed 'em...



2. When I came back and heard Mother say Bobby had me buffaloed, I decided it was time to have it out. "What makes you think Bobby's running my life, Mother?" I asked. "You see, I think I'm a pretty sensible mother."



3. "Why Betty, of course you're a sensible mother," she said. "And a fine one, too. But, well, do you really think, dear, that Bobby needs all those special things you buy for him? Special soaps and powders and towels—why, I even noticed a special baby's laxative!"



4. "Especially a special baby's laxative!" I cut in quickly. "Of course he needs it. It's Fletcher's Castoria and I didn't pick it—our doctor did. Because it's mild and safe—because it is made especially for children. Would you give a baby the same foods you eat?"



5. "Bobby's not just a miniature grown-up... he's a baby. With a baby's own delicate system. Grown-ups' medicine can be entirely too strong for him. Fletcher's Castoria isn't 'harsh' or griping. It's gentle. Come to the drugstore with me. I need another bottle."



6. Well, the druggist told Mother that Fletcher's Castoria was fine for children because it works mostly in the lower bowel and leaves little stomachs undisturbed. And that it works easily—in about 8 to 12 hours so it doesn't interfere with a child's sleep. That seemed to impress her. And when she noticed that I save money on the Family Size bottle, she liked that, too.



7. When we got home, I gave Bobby a dose of Fletcher's Castoria, and when she saw the way he took it (he's crazy about the taste of it), that won her completely. If you ask me, he's got her buffaloed!

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(Continued from page 33)

bomb did not explode on contact. It buried itself. The bomb squad, five men, came in a lorry and went to work. Then there was an explosion! Every man was killed, and the lorry was blown to bits. But," he continued, "within three hours another lorry was standing by, and five other men had taken the place of the five who were dead. I think," he concluded, "the greatest courage of all is the silent courage of these silent, day-after-day workers in defense of the Empire."

The maids in the hotels—aged women generally, for younger women are required in heavier tasks—are equally self-sufficient. In my hotel, just around the corner from the American Embassy, there was the inevitable sand on every landing, at every door of the lift. The skylight had been blown out by an incendiary, and other incendiaries had scorched the walls of the floor above my room. These are now scars to be cherished. I know that they will never be painted out.

In Lisbon, I met one of the most distinguished representatives of the Rockefeller Foundation. For twenty years he has served this agency of healing in far places of the earth. He is just now returning from Spain and the peninsula. Little short of tragic it is to know that the Foundation has found it necessary to recall its American representatives, though slightly reassuring to be informed that the program will still go forward with national, or local, representatives.

My friend told me of the increasing embarrassment and difficulty with which even a minimum service program in Europe is developed and carried on. There was this ominous note in the conversation—typhus has appeared in Spain—typhus in summer although typhus is a winter disease; also that typhus is reported in the Caucasus. Undernourishment, bad sanitation, and a blanket of fear over Europe conspire now to set the stage for a colossal tragedy of pestilence and plague. Food conditions everywhere are difficult and growing worse. France is reported as badly off as Spain was one year ago, and Spain is described as definitely worse. On the front page of the principal daily of Lisbon two days before I left for America appeared the story of depleted food supplies in Portugal. It was stated that Lisbon had less than forty percent of her minimum meat rations as of a year ago. My friends supplemented the newspaper story with the comment that representatives of the Third Reich were buying up everything, particularly meat and fish, and shipping across Spain—certainly none of that food ever stops in Spain.

In that same week Italy issued her first ration cards for food and clothing, seeking thus to stop the wholesale depletion of her food and material stocks by foreign buyers. Incidentally, real money is being used for purchases in Italy and Portugal, which of course is not the case in other occupied territory of the continent.

I spent an afternoon beyond the harbor of Portugal's capital city, driving through the heart of the southern peninsula and returning by the rugged shore. Here was peace and the sense of rural plenty—children fishing from the ancient stone quays and farmers in the fields. Toward evening we passed hunters and in nearly every in-

stance pheasants, quail and rabbits hung from their belts. We stopped for tea at an ancient fort on a rocky promontory commanding a treacherous channel. Built five hundred years ago, the fort is now an inn. Here for the equivalent of an American dollar one could be accommodated with room and food for a day and night.

In Portugal, I sat intimately with representatives of the Friends' Service Committee and of the similar committee of the Unitarian Church. No over-emphasis can be placed upon the work of these groups. The Friends are everywhere, and they are friends of everyone. What the refugees of Europe would have done, would do now, without these practical ministers of love, I do not know. God bless them always and forever!

One experience in lighter vein was added to this memorable journey when Lord Halifax went to visit the ancient cathedral in Lisbon. Overlooking the cathedral is the political prison, and in one of the rooms, eighteen men, day after day, week out and week in, pace to and fro. Through the grated window, a Portuguese soldier, one of four accused of being too friendly to Great Britain, saw Lord Halifax leave the embassy car and enter the historic church. Not sure of his recognition, he waited until the ambassador from Britain to America returned. And then, his first glance confirmed, spontaneously he shouted and cheered. Suddenly, the prisoners in that room realized the implications of the outburst. They knew that guards would come quickly and that, fearing the Gestapo, they would throw the young Portuguese into solitary confinement. Then every man of the eighteen broke into cheers—and when the guards did come, the prisoner guilty of the offense had been covered by his companions. There is Scripture for that! And when I heard the story, my throat thickened and in my heart I cheered the heroes in the ancient Moorish jail.

I met a young New Zealand flight commander on the air "ferry" between Ireland and Portugal. He was going out to Cairo by the West Coast of Africa and through Khartum, charged with the grave responsibility of training men for perilous night flying, using the new mysterious invention that brings the pilot unerringly to his target, save for that last hundred yards when he must see. "Cat's-Eye" Ward they call this New Zealand ace.

He was up with the defense and over Plymouth in a "Hurricane" during the heaviest of the raids. He was in France from the beginning to the end, and only flew back from Dunkirk for the last time after the last battalion had pushed off from that bloody beach. Four years away from New Zealand, he is now a million years away from his youth, though he looked less than twenty. We talked about New Zealand, and I have written to his mother.

We separated at Lisbon. I did not get his address, for he did not know it. But he said, "I'll write." I hope that I shall hear from him and, in the peace, see him again.

And now we're off for home!

The Panamerican clippers are glorious ships. Twice as long and half again as wide as our comfortable Pullmans, their interiors seem to be. At night the berths are longer than Pullman berths and there is much

more head room. From Lisbon we flew to Horta in five hours. The Azores were beautiful in the autumn sun. A slight mechanical failure delayed us overnight—we had the extra part, but this company takes no chances and would not fly without another spare. The passengers may have been impatient because of the delay, but at this distance it is all very reassuring. It is twenty-one hundred miles from the Azores to Bermuda—seventeen hours in the air—with scarcely a quiver of the mighty ship to suggest that we were moving through an electrical storm. We had breakfast at the port in Hamilton Sound. Our papers and baggage were inspected, with particular attention to what had been written since leaving the censor in London. And then we took off on that last lap! Fifty-three passengers and a crew of fourteen—a total of sixty-seven—and we had room for more! Presently, like a great homing bird, the clipper settled into the landing of LaGuardia Field.

Thank God for America, and may our gratitude take on new significance, assume new and greater proportions in these times when America, and no other, is the hope of a crashing world.

(Continued from page 37)

ers mistake for authentic enthusiasm. Rather do I refer to that whole-heartedness, that ardent zeal, that joyous self-giving to life that sets other spirits on fire. This unusual layman of mine was a sort of spiritual torch, a flame, a blaze that set aglow the people and the causes he touched. Wherever he went he was the center of radiance. But he was not diffuse, indiscriminating, lacking in focusing power. He had three magnificent civic obsessions, for example: his Church, the Y.M.C.A., and the Chamber of Commerce. In every drive for membership, funds, or more effectiveness, his enthusiastic self-giving in energy, time and money was of inestimable value.

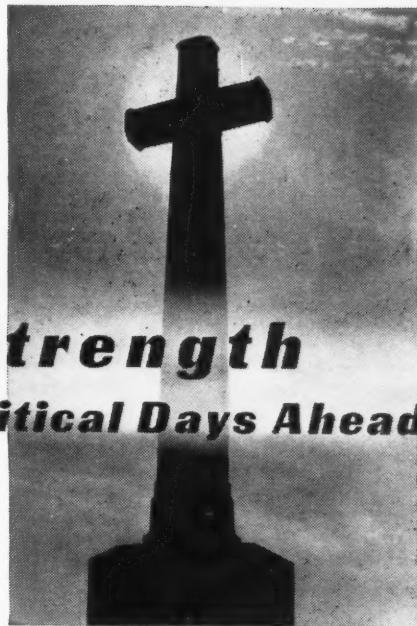
But unquestionably the greatest thing about this unusual Christian layman was the depth and breadth and height of his devotion. And his earthly devotion denoted his love for his Christ. For here was a Christian layman who made the most of his best for the sake of all the rest. And that is divinely unusual.

(Continued from page 29)

both Christian College and University students were admitted.

Both Wood and Miss Burrall believed that religion, to be truly effective, must be active rather than passive. That meant student participation in all possible facets of the class. And as the class grew, new activities were constantly added. When a spoiled debutante came to Wood one day and said contritely: "Last year I wrote in a smart-aleck theme that God was a superstitious idea still believed in by some—I just want to tell you I've changed," Wood knew his crusade was being won.

The Burrall class today boasts a membership of not only 1700 Stephens girls—two Sunday School attendances a month are required of Stephens students, though there is no penalty for absences—but 2300 young men and women from the University and Christian College as well.



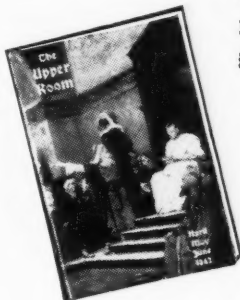
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As we lift up our eyes for help, we realize that only with Divine Guidance can we hope to survive, either as a nation or as individuals.

In such times as these our worship and our prayers are enriched through daily devotions as provided in The Upper Room. Perhaps that is one reason why the regular quarterly circulation of this publication reached a record high with the January - February - March issue — 1,315,550 copies.

You, your group, or your congregation will surely find The Upper Room just as helpful as do these 1,315,550 readers. The cost is trivial — the return often priceless.

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By

CLEMENTINE
PADDLEFORD



GROUND meat goes to the modern church supper with more regularity than the hefty old rooster long considered the *piece de resistance* of the community meal. It goes to the table as meat balls, as hamburgers, as croquettes, but nine times out of ten it is presented in meat loaves laved in savory sauces.

Quality in ground beef depends upon the grade of meat used, the cuts chosen, the storage, the care the meat man takes in grinding. Buy the meat from a reputable dealer who uses perfectly fresh meats and who keeps his grinder clean. Don't look for bargains in hamburger. This low-priced meat is usually ground from the less desirable cuts and may carry excessive fat, shrinking badly in cooking. For crowd affairs have your ground beef especially prepared and buy chuck or plate. Round steak or flank are too lean to make juicy hamburger. Anyhow chuck and plate are the more economical. Ask for branded meats and be assured of higher quality—only top grades are allowed to be branded. Cheaper cuts such as chuck, plate and flank of high quality beef are superior in flavor and juiciness to loin, rib and round of the lower gradings.

In buying ground veal or lamb, buy shoulder or breast. Ground ham does yeoman service cut from the shank meat which boasts the same fine flavor as the more expensive center cuts.

A combination of two or more kinds of ground meat makes for a better flavor blend. Here are suggestions of proportions for combinations of ground meats desirable for loaves, balls and patties:

1 pound beef chuck, ½ pound veal shoulder and ¼ pound pork shoulder.

1½ pounds veal shoulder and ½ pound pork shoulder.

1½ pounds beef chuck and ½ pound pork shoulder.

1¾ pounds beef chuck and ¼ pound beef suet.

1 pound pork shoulder and 1 pound pork sausage.

1½ pounds ham ground with ½ pound pork shoulder

Ground beef liver.

All pork sausage.

All lamb shoulder.

Ground meats are economical, as the



© Herald Tribune

MEAT LOAVES *for Church*

average service is four portions to a pound. When other ingredients are added, such as spaghetti, vegetables or rice, one pound of meat serves five or six helpings. A two-pound loaf serves ten guests generously.

Ground beef must be stored in a very cold place and never, never, hold it without cooking more than one to two days. Ground beef, remember, is a poor keeper for the meat is divided into very small pieces which exposes it to the action of bacteria in the air. If for any reason it must be kept longer, cook it, or else freeze it solid in the freezing unit of the refrigerator.

All ground beef is tender when raw but overcooking will make it tough as alligator leather. Don't just slap those meat loaves together and expect pleasing results. Haphazard mixing and the loaf may crumble when sliced. A too hot oven and the loaf shrinks, and is hard as a brickbat, the savory juices gone. Keep the oven at moderate heat (350 to 375 degrees F.) at least most of the time. For a two-pound loaf total oven time should be about an hour to an hour and a quarter.

For extra flavor to a beef loaf dice mild salt pork and fry light brown and crisp and blend with the beef. The fat fried out of the pork has its own uses. Cook the celery, onions, parsley or other seasonings in the drippings to develop their flavor and use the remaining fat in a sauce to bind the loaf during cooking.

A meat loaf will slice, even at the piping hot stage, if it is bound with a combination of thick white sauce, alone, or with some other starchy substance

such as bread crumbs, cooked rice or mashed potatoes. The binder serves a double purpose. It makes the loaf less compact (preventing packing) as well as binding the tiny pieces of meat together.

Measured proportions and thorough mixing of the white sauce with the other ingredients help also to make for a perfect slicing. Good proportions are four tablespoons of flour and one and one half cups of milk and a cup of bread crumbs to two pounds of ground meat.

Here are meat loaves which have won laurel leaves for the crowns of church kitchen cooks. This ham loaf is from Mrs. A. Hansen who calls it "the very best dish of the Mt. Hope Methodist Church, Lansing, Michigan." Each year, beginning in September, this church serves a Saturday night cafeteria supper. Members of the Ladies Aid Society are divided into circles and each in turn manages the meal week by week. Ham loaf has been by far the most popular meat dish. It is served with milk gravy and with appropriate vegetables in season. But Harvard beets are almost always included, so perfect with ham whether winter or summer. The potatoes are usually mashed to team with milk gravy.

Ham Loaf

7 pounds tenderized smoked ham, ground

7 pounds fresh lean pork, ground

2 pounds cracker crumbs

9 eggs, slightly beaten

2 quarts milk

Ask the meat man to combine the ground ham and pork. Stir eggs into



Suppers

milk and add to meat and mix thoroughly. Add cracker crumbs and mix lightly but well. Spread the mixture evenly 2 inches deep in flat baking pans, leaving a space between loaf and sides of pan and fill this with water. Bake $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in a medium to slow oven (300 to 350 degrees F.). Yield 50 portions. Serve with milk gravy made with the fat from each pan of meat. Add any excess juice from vegetables such as beans or peas.

Mrs. A. K. Bennett, President of the Ladies Aid Society of St. Luke's Methodist Church, Long Branch, N. J., sends this beef loaf, which she tells us is used again and again for "Aid" dinners.

Beef Loaf

- 8 pounds chuck beef, ground
- 2 pounds salt pork, ground
- 2 quarts soft bread crumbs
- 1 box corn flakes
- 3 tablespoons salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons celery salt
- 3 No. 2 cans tomatoes
- 1 cup parsley, minced
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- 1 tall can evaporated milk

Combine meats, crumbs, corn flakes and seasonings. Add tomatoes, mixing well. Add parsley and onion and enough canned milk diluted $\frac{1}{4}$ with water to make moist. Bake in dripping pans in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 1 hour. Pour off grease, add remaining diluted evaporated milk and thicken with flour to serve as cream gravy with the sliced meat. Yield: 50 portions.

The beef pork loaf is contributed by Mrs. Bertha M. Welling of Hannibal, New York, a (Continued on page 47)



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How to make Pillsbury's SAVORY SALMON CASSEROLE

1. Pan-fry $\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sliced canned mushrooms in 3 Tbsps. butter until tender. 2. Add 3 c. (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.) flaked salmon, 2 c. canned whole-kernel corn, well-drained. 3. Combine 6 Tbsps. butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Enriched Pillsbury's Best Flour in saucepan over direct heat. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ c. milk gradually; stirring until thickened. (Note the smooth, creamy goodness of this white sauce! Samples of Pillsbury's Best are tested every hour for creamy-white color!) Add 1 tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. curry powder, and a dash of pepper. 4. Add salmon mixture; blend well. 5. Turn into 3-qt. casserole. 6. (TOPPING) Sift and measure 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Enriched Pillsbury's Best Flour. Add $\frac{2}{4}$ Tbsps. baking powder (or $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. double-acting) and $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt; sift again.

(Pillsbury's Best is enriched with two B-vitamins and iron, with no change in appearance, flavor, or baking quality.) 7. Cut pearance, flavor, or baking quality.) 7. Cut in 3 Tbsps. lard until quite fine. Add about $\frac{1}{2}$ c. milk; mix until all flour is dampened. 8. Knead lightly on a floured board a few seconds. 9. Divide in 8 to 10 equal pieces; shape each into a finger roll. (Notice how tender your dough is, how easy-to-handle, when made with Pillsbury's Best! This superb flour is BAKE-PROVED to protect your baking—rigid baking tests are made 4 to 6 times a day during milling!) 10. Place finger rolls in cartwheel formation over hot mixture. 11. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 25 to 30 min. When the family takes the first bite of that tender, flaky topping, you'll know why we say—Pillsbury's Best is your best choice every time you bake!



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(Continued from page 19)

responded, "but Harry here lives twenty-five miles farther out, in the high pine hills."

At the mention of the "high pine hills" Mary Ellen's face lighted up and she exclaimed, "Isn't that strange: That's where I am headed for."

"You are? What attracts you out there?" Harry asked in amazement.

"Well, you see, I want to teach school among the pines."

"By George! Harry, here's the teacher you've been scouting around for!"

Harry's face flushed with unconcealed pleasure. In some embarrassment he answered, "Well I'll certainly be glad if my quest for the 'Hidden Grail' is ended."

Mary Ellen said, "I don't quite understand, are you the school board?"

"I am a small part of it. The rest sent me away out here to interview a 'prospect,' only to learn that she had signed a contract yesterday for another school."

Mary Ellen smilingly said, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." She made no attempt to conceal her pleasures at the bright prospect of a school so soon, and smiled happily at him. "Just as soon as I can get at my baggage I'll show you my certificate and recommendations, and I do hope you will hire me."

"I'm sure they will be all right I know you will have no trouble in getting the school."

Presently she said, "I'd like for you to tell me something about the school and the country out there, if you will."

"There isn't much to tell. It is just the usual country district school, with an average of fifteen pupils, and a spring and fall term of three months each. The wages are thirty dollars a month and the teacher boards around among the patrons of the school."

She raised her eyebrows at the "board around" idea and gave him a questioning look. He smiled, "I know that isn't pleasant. Maybe we can make better arrangements."

Later he said, "If you are Bessie's sister you are from the Willamette Valley. That was my boyhood home. I was born there, and lived there until I was fifteen, when I came up here to make my fortune as a sheep herder. No, I haven't grown rich, but I don't regret staying; there are some things better than money and I am satisfied as it is."

After a short pause he said, "Since we will not reach the 'Halfway House' till about dark, I brought a little lunch along, and I'd like to share it with you and Jim. We had better eat now for the stage will be stopping down in the canyon for water and we can all get a drink." He opened his lunch and they enjoyed it together. The other passengers ate at the same time and all were ready to clamber out when, shortly after, the stage came to a halt. Bart watered his horses and Harry carried a cup of water to Mary Ellen, who had remained in the stage. He said to her, "I guess I will change seats with a fellow on top. He says the swing of the stage makes him dizzy and he wants to ride inside. I'll see you tonight at the hotel."

"I'm sorry to lose an interesting traveling companion, but we will have all day tomorrow," she replied. The man who came inside, obviously a traveling sales-

man from the city, was out of humor and began at once to complain.

"When they are like this they oughten to let that smart alex driver load up to the hilt; he's got more on here now than he ought to carry on good dry roads, and it's top heavy. I expected to go over any minute."

At times Mary Ellen had found it difficult to keep her seat, and several times when the stage gave a sudden lurch, she ungraciously bumped against the man sitting beside her. But she considered it all as just a part of a ride in a stage-coach, and gave it little thought, until the "dizzy" passenger impressed it so strongly on her mind.

They were descending a narrow, winding grade where there was not even room to pass another team. She shuddered as she looked almost perpendicularly down at the rushing river several hundred feet below.

But the sloping grade was well drained and the road was comparatively dry and hard. Bart took advantage of every stretch of good road, and the horses were lined out in a sweeping trot. They came to a wider shelf where the road lay level and there was a space of ten or twelve feet between the road and the brink of the precipice. Suddenly a great lurch of the stage threw them all violently in a heap at one side.

Mary Ellen's head struck against something so forcibly that stars danced before her eyes, and then everything grew dark for a moment, and she slowly realized that she was lying on top of a mass of writhing, struggling humanity. She opened her eyes to see an oval of blue sky through the door, and she knew that the stage was on its side. Almost immediately, Bart was at the door struggling to open it, but it would not yield, evidently cramped by the toppling of the stage. He disappeared, and almost instantly returned with a small hand ax, and chopped it open, then reaching down, he helped Mary Ellen to climb out and seated her on a log by the roadside. He then helped the others out. She noticed they were all able to walk, but some were bleeding about the face and hands, evidently cut by broken glass.

In a few moments Jim Blake, with a pale face and blood trickling from his forehead, came over and said, "Miss Gray, I'm afraid Harry is gone."

"You don't mean—?" She could get no farther, and he said, "Yes, I'm afraid he's killed."

"Oh no, it can't be true! Where is he?" He led her over to him. His head had struck a sharp stone and a great gaping wound lay revealed. One of the men was holding his head in his lap and another was wiping the blood from the pale face. At the sight, she grew weak and closed her eyes. Then she remembered her father's parting advice, and mentally repeated, "God is good. Everything works together for good." She opened her eyes and asked Jim to get her suitcase, and asked another man to bring some water. She poured water into the wound until the flow of blood was stanching, then made a thick pad of folded cloth and bound it on tightly with long strips torn from her muslin nightgown. She felt his heart and knew it was still beating. Then she sat, and resting his head in her lap, she constantly bathed his face.

(To be continued)

(Continued from page 45)

recipe which was used with great success by a rural church of Oswego County during a Baptist Association meeting. "Excellent eating," writes Mrs. Welling.

BEEF PORK LOAF

8 pounds beef, ground 1 quart milk
5 pounds pork, ground ¼ pound onions,
6 eggs ¼ chopped
4 cups soft bread ¼ cup salt
crumbs ½ teaspoon pepper

Combine ingredients, mixing well. Form into two-pound loaves. Pack into loaf tins, cover tops with bacon or pork strips. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 1½ to 2 hours. Yield: 50 servings.

A few years ago when the Ladies Aid of the Strathmore Methodist Church of Detroit, Michigan, were serving dinners to assist in paying the building debt this combination meat loaf was a favorite from the standpoint of both quality and economy. It is Mrs. B. J. Phillips, now of Atlanta, Georgia, who broadcasts the recipe.

COMBINATION LOAF

8 (8 ounce) packages 8 (No. 2) cans peas
of spaghetti 8 medium sized onions,
8 pounds beef, chopped diced
8 (No. 1) cans 3 bunches celery, diced
tomatoes 8 teaspoons (or more)
8 cans condensed to- salt
mato soup

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, cool and chop very fine. Add remaining ingredients, mixing lightly. Pat into greased loaf pans and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 45 minutes. If desired the tomato soup may be omitted and the mixture made moist as necessary with water or stock. Then dilute the soup as directed on the can label and use as a sauce. Yield: 50 portions. This is more a casserole type of dish than a loaf.

(Continued from page 35)

detail what those needs are, we say hurriedly, "The thing to do is to keep normal life going?"

What do we mean by "normal life?" We mean, don't we, a way of living which keeps those who practice it, in health, sanity and enduring strength? But, in the face of a prodigious event, that old way of life is no longer a protection, but a threat to health, and sanity. In disaster the only way of living which can be counted on to keep us strong and sane, is in effort. Effort it is which brings more strength.

All life-experienced men and women know that there is only one valid way to meet a great sorrow such as the death of one close and dear to us, and that is to grow great-hearted enough to accept it as part of life. Those who try not to think of a bereavement, who try so to arrange life as to thrust their grief away, out of their conscious awareness, who try to go on living as they always did, are dooming their hearts and personalities to a strange, withering blight and paralysis. The way of spiritual life, like that of physical life, is growth. Those who have accepted pain and sorrow, whose hearts have grown great and spacious enough to contain both grief for what is lost, and joy in what remains, they are the victors. They are the "normal."

Hooray! A grand parfait!



APRICOT TAPIOCA CREAM PARFAIT

1 or 2 egg yolks ¼ teaspoon salt
4 cups milk 1 or 2 egg whites
½ cup Minute Tapioca 1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup sugar Apricot purée

Mix egg yolk with ½ cup milk in saucepan. Add Minute Tapioca, ¼ cup sugar, salt, and remaining milk. Bring mixture quickly to a full boil over direct heat, stirring constantly. Remove from fire. (Mixture will be thin. Do not overcook.) Beat egg white until stiff but not dry. Add remaining sugar gradually, beating with rotary egg beater. Stir hot tapioca gradually into egg white. Cool—mixture thickens as it cools. When slightly cool, stir in flavoring. Chill. Turn into parfait glasses, alternating tapioca cream with apricot purée. Garnish with whipped cream. Serves 6 to 8.

For apricot purée, cook ¾ pound dried apricots in 3 cups water 15 minutes. Add ½ cup sugar and cook 5 minutes longer. Put through coarse sieve. Makes 1½ cups purée.

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(Continued from page 25)

that we can best show and prove to them what the teachings of Christ are.

"The bandits in that part of West China are supposed to be—and perhaps they are—the most cold-blooded and ferocious of any in the country. But we were not afraid of them. The fact that we were not, and showed that we were not, did more good, I know, than hundreds of sermons.

"My associate, Miss Miller, and I once took a boat three hundred miles further into the interior—to Chengtu. All day long as we crept along through the water we had been conscious of the strange tension on the part of the boatmen. Incessantly the Captain kept going to the side of the boat and peering into the thickets along the shore, and then down at the water which was unusually angry and choppy.

"At last I went over to him and demanded that he tell me what he was worrying about. And he said:

"It is very unfortunate that you have come on this trip today. All through this country, we have learned, there are bandits prowling. For many days they have been burning, killing, robbing. The people are hiding, in terror. I had hoped that we could pass the next rapids before dark, so we would not have to stop. But now that is impossible. We must tie up at the next pier. The bandits know you are on board our boat. They have been following us for hours along the shore.' His weatherbeaten brow wrinkled. 'Everything we can do to protect you, we will do,' he added.

"The water was getting very rough. The boat already could be controlled only with difficulty. And it was getting dark. For the Captain to go on much further into the rapids would be suicide, we could see that. It was with a chill, half of relief and half of sickening apprehension that we saw the pier ahead where we would have to tie up.

"When we were finally fast to the dock, none of the boatmen left the boat. We looked up one of the narrow streets of the village—and saw the bandits coming. There were three of them, one great burly fellow, evidently the leader, walking a little ahead of the others. Straight toward the boat they strode.

"Then suddenly Miss Miller, bless her!, cried with a ring of genuine confidence in her voice, 'Captain! Put the gangplank across to the dock. I'm going ashore.' He stared at her incredulously, started to expostulate with her. Miss Miller sprang to the gunwale and jumped across to the dock. Then she stood there waiting for the bandits to come closer. When they did she bowed low to them, very politely.

"The leader looked at her, as though he was puzzled, then he returned her bow.

"Thank you, gentlemen," she said smiling and bowing again. "Thank you for coming."

"Still the outlaws stood looking at her bewildered.

"We have heard," Miss Miller went on, 'that there were bandits in this country, wicked dangerous men. We have been very frightened. Now we know we are safe. And we thank you for coming to protect us!'

"The outlaw showed his teeth in a wide smile. Then he turned to his two com-

panions. We saw them grin also, and nod. Then the leader turned back to Miss Miller and bowed low.

"We are gentlemen, as you have said," he replied drawing himself up to his full height. "There is nothing for you to fear. We will stand guard and you will be safe."

"Well, they did just that. All night long those three, and five or six others, squatted beside the boat with their guns across their knees. And in the morning we went on our way leaving them bowing and grinning on the pier.

"Really the bandits of China are not the criminals they have been painted.

"No! Banditry—and the poverty that causes it—is not the real curse of West China," she went on. "It is—what we call slavery. And what vivid flashes into the inside of that dreadful practice we get in the hospital at Chungking.

"Once a girl is sold into that life, by her husband or her family, there is no way—there is utterly no way—to rescue her from it.

"One day one of the nurses came to me and said that a new patient who had just been brought to the clinic wanted to speak to me. I went up to her bed, and I think I gave an involuntary gasp of astonishment. Truly I have never seen in any country a girl whom I thought so lovely, so strikingly beautiful as this Chinese girl.

"I asked her what she wanted.

"Sister," she said at last. "I beg of you, beg of you from the bottom of my heart, beg of you in your own Christ's name, if anyone comes and asks about me—tell them I have died—and that you have buried me."

"Then I understood.

"Gently I asked her to tell me a little about herself. And with her hands pressed over her eyes as though to hide her face in shame she told me brokenly how she had married a man in the customary way. She had never seen him until after the long elaborate wedding ceremony had been performed. Then as she knelt he had raised the heavy red silk veil which till that moment had concealed her face.

"My heart went cold in me when I saw him, Sister," she said. "Oh, he was a beast. It seemed that all the dreams of my girlhood—dreams that all girls have—just fell into ashes around me.

"And for a week—though I tried hard to control myself—I cried almost all the time. Well, by the end of that first week, he was tired of having a crying wife. So—he sold me. I cannot speak of what my life has been since then. I cannot go back to it. Oh, don't let them take me back. Hide me, save me! Tell them I am dead and that you have buried me."

"I told her not to worry. She would not go back to that life, that I would free her and find a good home for her to live in.

"I knew a number of the officials in the city, and they were all most friendly to us. Our relations had never been anything but pleasant. I went to the one I knew best, a fine, cultivated man, whom I regarded as one of my closest friends among the non-Christian natives. He listened sympathetically while I told him the story. When I'd finished he seemed puzzled, and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"I am afraid I do not understand," he said. "Why have you told me her story? Her husband sold her. She was his. His,

to sell or keep. That is the end. What have you or I to do with it?"

"I could scarcely believe my ears. It was the first time I had really experienced the inborn, age-old attitude of Chinese men toward their women. He bowed me out saying that there was nothing whatever that he could do.

"I went to three other officials, the most influential in Chungking. They all took exactly the same stand.

"My feet were like lead as I dragged myself up to the ward. I have never been able to blot out of my memory the wild hope and desperate confidence that shone from her eyes as I came toward her bed. And I had to tell her that I had failed.

"Then kill me!" It was a cry of pure anguish. "Kill me. Then you can tell them that I am dead, and it will be the truth!"

"They came for her, and took her away in a few days. I never heard anything about her again.

"There was one time, though," Dr. Edmonds continued, "when I didn't fail.

"One of our Bible women, a Mrs. Dai, was going along a crooked little street one morning when she heard sobbing in one of the houses. The houses are flush with the street, you know. Mrs. Dai hesitated, then stepped over the threshold into the dark little room. A sour-faced woman stood there facing her, and asked her what she wanted. Mrs. Dai looked around. In the corner was a little girl, seven or eight years old, her hollow cheeks stained with tears.

"I wondered why the 'young sister' was crying," Mrs. Dai answered.

"Then the woman explained that the little girl was her sister's child. 'She didn't want her. She wanted a boy.'

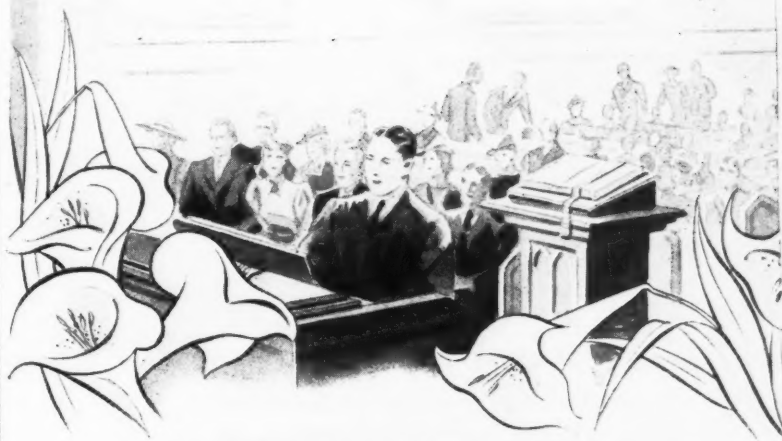
"So Mrs. Dai brought her to our Home. It was wonderful the way she blossomed in the next few years. She loved her school work. She had a really brilliant mind. And her sunny disposition and charm made her the pet of the whole Home and school.

"Then we noticed that her aunt was coming more and more often to visit her. Then one day she came bringing with her another woman whose dress showed that she was wealthy. I asked one of the nurses to try to overhear what they said while waiting for Whung. In a very few minutes the nurse came to me aghast. The aunt was selling Whung to the woman with her, whose profession was obvious.

"In dismay I appealed to Mrs. Dai. But she said there was nothing we could do. Whung belonged to her aunt. I thought of nothing else for a day or so. Then I sent for the aunt. I had a plan. By appealing to her greed I might win out. I took her into my study, and I took the precaution to have one of our Chinese instructors, Mr. Ho, in the next room to write down what we said.

"Then I explained to her that Whung was a very brilliant girl, that we were willing to keep her in school, pay all her expenses, train her to be a teacher, and a nurse, and later perhaps a doctor like myself. That would mean that Whung would be no more expense to her. That in a few years, she would be earning money, and eventually lots of money. Always, I promised, Whung would send her beloved aunt money. It was a way to arrange an income for life. The beady eyes of the woman were fixed on me suspiciously; but

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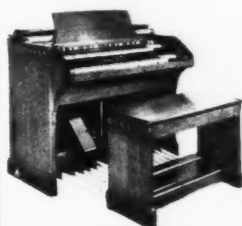
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I could see that she was balancing this proposition against the one the rich 'madam' had made her.

"Whatever that proposition was I was sure it would be a year or two before she could collect. Whung was too young to be sold into that life immediately. So I told her we need not wait. We would take Whung off her hands today; and that we would pay all her expenses ourselves until she began to earn money of her own.

"Finally she agreed. Promptly I called in the listening Ho. He had drawn up a contract giving us full rights over Whung, the right to make marriage arrangements, everything. He read it to her. She nodded and put her mark on it, and Ho signed her name.

"When I went up to see Whung she rose and held her arms out to me. The look of silent appeal in the lovely young face brought a catch in my throat.

"How would you like to be my little girl, Whung?" I asked her. She gave one little cry and threw her arms around me and buried her face on my shoulder.

"After that she was as happy as it is possible for a person to be. And it seemed to me she grew more and more beautiful every month. Several times when her aunt came to visit her I had seen her evil eyes light up as she followed Whung's every graceful movement.

"Then one morning one of the teachers came to me and told me that Whung had gone out the evening before. She had not come back. Her bed had not been slept in. We had warned Whung about going on the street alone, begged her not to; but she had only laughed. Her aunt and her other relatives had kidnaped her, there was no doubt of it. Rumors had reached us that they were planning to do it. I knew of no way that we could find her.

(Continued from page 16)

what his fellows could not see. (No two men ever see or think alike.) He saw the mills and gears of the war-gods being tuned and oiled, this time by a Hitlerism a thousand times worse than the old Kaiserism had ever been. He couldn't bask in the shade of Chamberlain's umbrella. He warned that England could no longer remain secure behind the Navy; this was an air-minded age. He predicted that an awful day must come as a result of that air-mindedness, a day when England would be forced to take a stand: "I pray God we may not find that through an unwise policy we are left to make that stand alone."

It is history now: the awful day came. War struck the Lowlands; there was Dunkirk. Bombers came over London, in clouds. Poor trusting Chamberlain was swept aside and Churchill was given his post.

He went to work. It was twenty-four-hour-a-day, seven-days-a-week work. Old grievances and differences were gone with the winds of war; all that mattered was that England make up for lost time. Once more Churchill supplied the spark.

He is more than a symbol. Around him is being organized the fight to save the world. It may take years. This enemy is strong. He has been gaining strength as we slept. (Lest we laugh at the Englishman for his napping—remember Pearl

"Blindly I rushed out to the street with some idea of going to the police and military officials, although I knew it could do no good. At the gate I noticed a villainous looking coolie arguing with one of the soldiers who was outside the gate. I stopped. The soldier said the man insisted on coming in—that he wanted to see me. Then the coolie bowed to me, wringing his grimy hands nervously. 'When you and the other lady went to Chengtu and you made the bandits your friends—I was one of the boatmen,' he said. 'I never forget. Your young sister even now is there,' he pointed down toward the river. 'They are taking her away—they are starting for Ichang and Shanghai now in my boat.

"With three of the soldiers, I rushed down to the pier. A boat was there getting ready to push off. The soldiers ran to the side of it and levelled their guns at the captain's head, and told him if he moved they would blow his brains out. I jumped down into the boat and there on a filthy straw mat, her hands tied behind her, a greasy rag twisted tightly around her mouth was our beautiful Whung. I snatched the knife from the captain's belt and cut the ropes that were cutting into her wrists and tore the rag from her mouth. Then I picked her up and with the soldiers walking beside me I carried her up to the hospital. As she looked up into my eyes, she said quietly, 'I was not afraid. I knew you would come.'

"After that we sent her to our other school, ten days away. Her relatives never knew what became of her. She has graduated from college now and is studying to be a doctor."

I looked again at the letter lying on the table that Whung had written, and I thought that if here is a Heaven that greasy coolie boatman must be in it.

Harbor!) But if there can be roused against him a Churchill-defiance in the midst of early defeat, the end of it all is certain.

And if he win—if we win—what then? Will this Churchill who seems to have spent most of his life building toward war go on doing that? If occasion calls for it, he will. But he will want to do it no more than he ever has. We err when we call him only warrior or the spreader of war's alarms. If you would see him in good focus, read again the eight-point program for peace which he signed with Franklin D. Roosevelt aboard the *Prince of Wales*:

"... Our countries seek no territorial changes except with the freely-expressed wishes of the people concerned. . . . We believe that all nations of the world must come to the abandonment of the use of force."

Must come to the abandonment of the use of force! There stands Churchill. Having been forced to spend the best days of his years defending by force of arms all that he holds dear because that was the only way open to defend it, in this particular world, he now looks ahead to the day when such a ghastly method shall be consigned to the limbo of forgotten arts and a better method rise out of the human spirit. He wants that. He fights for it.

With God's help—and ours—he will get it.

On the Air

By Aileen Soares

RADIO is beginning to wake up to the fact that its efforts in behalf of national morale are defeated by elaborate flag-waving. The two best "victory thinking" shows for the month, NBC's "Plays for Americans" and CBS's "They Live Forever," are dramas in the quieter vein.

Arch Oboler, dubbed genius by his network, is authoring and directing "Plays for Americans." The sole standard in the new morale series is amusement value, according to Oboler, and, with simplicity as keynote, the programs are certainly saying those things which must be said in terms of entertainment. Broadcasts, starring leading personalities of stage and screen, are following the general theme of "This Precious Freedom", one of the young playwright's most successful works, and point out through dramatic episode the freedoms that Americans are now striving to preserve. (NBC, Sundays, 4:30 p.m., Eastern War Time.)

"They Live Forever", CBS's latest contribution to the war effort, pictures America on the offensive through dramatic scripts which are also commendable in their simplicity. The series is being co-authored by Howard Teichman and Jerome Lawrence and is written, not as a defense show, but as a testimonial from the nation to its heroic dead. During the past month, the programs presented a clear picture of what the American people are doing to repay the debt they owe the Axis powers with the compound interest promised by President Roosevelt. Scripts are built around factual material showing how an incident such as the sinking of the Reuben James or the attack at Pearl Harbor turned this country into a fighting mad nation. (CBS, Sundays, 10:30 p.m., Eastern War Time)

ROBERT L. "BELIEVE IT OR NOT" RIPLEY, recently returned from another South American tour, and loaded down with facts, figures and intriguing oddities has returned to the air in one of the more entertainingly contrived goodwill builders.

The newly-formed Blue Network Company is producing the program.

AMERICA'S entry into the war has brought home, not only to listeners but to network officials themselves, the importance and necessity of radio religion. The week following our resolve to bend the axis into a pretzel, Mutual inaugurated a daily one-minute prayer service for the nation's welfare. With time donated by the MBS, prayers are read by announcers Marshall Dane and Bob Shepard during the one-minute spot. The prayers are selected from those submitted by the leading clergymen of the three major faiths—Protestant, Catholic and Jew—throughout the country. (NBS, Daily, 6:00 p.m., EWT.)

A daily Holy Hour for peace, in which all Americans, Christians and Jews, churchmen and the unchurched, devote one hour of every day in the week to prayer is being urged by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen during his "Catholic Hour" addresses over NBC.

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GARDEN NOTEBOOK

By DONALD H. KINGERY

IT HAS become necessary that as a nation this year we produce much more food than we have been doing in the past. This has fullest import when we think of vegetables and fruits. The great bulk of this food production is a task that farmers will undertake, for they alone with their land and equipment, can do it.

For those of us who do not live on farms but who do have a bit of ground about our homes, our task will be to grow at least some of our own food to augment the total supply needed. My best advice is that if our space is limited, we grow just a few of such vegetables as will give the most for the space or that will continue to bear over a period of time. Beans, tomatoes, cabbage, lettuce, radishes, beets, carrots and perhaps peas lend themselves to such. Potatoes, sweet corn and melons are examples of crops which require more space in order to produce a yield of sufficient amounts.

Vegetables can be grown in any average soil that has sunlight and is well drained. Just as with flowers, they thrive better if the soil is in proper condition for growth. There are two important factors in such condition—humus and plant food.

If it is available, the most universally used humus in the world is barnyard manure. If this is for use this spring, it should be well rotted. It may be spread over the surface before spading or plowing. Or if sufficiently decomposed already, it can be spread after spading and worked into the soil. Granulated peatmoss, if it can be obtained, makes a good humus for town or village garden. Another good source of humus is a compost pile.

Plants of all kinds need food, just as does an animal or human. Most garden and field soils once contained all of the food elements needed by most plants. In time however through long cropping or erosion, these may have been depleted. In such case, the wise gardener will restore them. The most ready way is by application of one of the commercial brands of general garden plant food. One with an analysis of 4-12-4 or near this is satisfactory for both vegetables and flowers. I have used a 4-12-4 for years now.

Those who like the weigela as a colorful shrub for the lawn will welcome a new variety being offered this spring known as Bristol Ruby. This is similar to the older Eva Rathke, but is harder, more vigorous and the color of soft ruby red to garnet crimson is pleasing and without a harsh tone. The shrub will grow six to seven feet high when mature and make a well-formed, shapely bush.

Among the various new and improved sorts of vegetables in catalogs this spring is a new bush lima bean, known as Burpee's Super Queen. This is a baby bush lima bean with the merit of the beans retaining their green color until fully matured. The pods contain three or four green beans that are moist and tender and of excellent quality. The pod is also easy to shell, an item worth considering. I note that this variety is recommended for the home garden.

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(Continued from page 23)

they were sent out from Olympic games bearing the names of the victors. For centuries they have been used in warfare, sport, and scientific experiments. Their first recorded use in warfare was at Mutina in 43 B.C. in the siege of Decimus Brutus by Mark Antony.

Homing pigeons come in many different colors and combinations, but they are more often seen in soft blue with strongly marked bars or checkers. This color is most desirable as the hawks and hunters cannot see them easily.

Full-grown birds are a little larger than the blue jay and weigh about sixteen or eighteen ounces. Homing pigeons are very intelligent and one has to be careful and not move too quickly to frighten them in any way. They have a lasting affection for their mates and after once selecting a mate, they keep this same one all their lives. If one comes in from a flight bruised and exhausted, the other bird will straighten out his feathers, "talk" to him and make him as comfortable as possible. It has been observed, too, that if one of them should be killed, the other will never mate again. It is very difficult to tell the male from the female; in fact, Cher Ami has been designated in army mention as both a cock and a hen. However, when raising their young, the male usually sits on the nest from about ten o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon. Then the female takes over for six hours.

Pigeons are extremely kind to one another, and often help their neighbors in feeding and caring for their little ones.

At the age of twelve weeks, their training is started. Their "home address" is first stamped in large letters on the under side of their wings on the longest flight feathers. This identifies the birds if they are lost while training. Later on, all the birds are marked with small aluminum bands on both legs, which are numbered. Each bird is registered by this number.

The first step in training is to allow the young birds to fly around the room for a half an hour or so a day for a few weeks. Day by day the distance is increased until the bird really has to fly to get home, and finally it is flying great distances. Five hundred miles is not considered a long flight, and they have homed over a distance of 2,000 miles, flying over 700 miles a day. One bird made a record of eighty miles per hour over a distance of 300 miles. Such records are established in the popular sport known as racing pigeons. At the starting point of a race each bird is marked with a rubber band, or countermark, on its leg. As the birds are released for a flight, they go right straight up into the sky for a few hundred feet and circle around several times to get their bearings. Then they start off in a straight line for home. When a pigeon arrives at his destination, the countermark is taken off and put into a special "clock." The handle on the instrument is turned, locking it inside and recording the time of arrival. Each separate home loft has its clock, which can register up to twelve birds. The females fly better when they have little ones three to five days old, and the males fly better when the young are about five weeks old. A bird is a top notch flier for seven or eight years although it may live fourteen or fifteen years.



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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING



Return to the Future, by Sigrid Undset. (251 pp., Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.50.) Norway's Nobel Prize winner tells the story of her escape from the Nazi invaders of Norway. To her quiet and beautifully unselfish life came ruthless tragedy and personal loss. Her older son was killed in action. The banning of her works in Germany made clear her own prospective fate. She fled across Sweden, Russia and the Pacific to America. This book is the full story not only of escape but of return to the future. Great in her past, she is here at her greatest and best.

Prayer, by George A. Buttrick. (333 pp., Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, \$2.75.) The timeliest, greatest book on prayer since nearly forty years ago a young man named Fosdick wrote that timeless *The Meaning of Prayer*. It is theological, psychological, philosophical and practical. These chapters propose and direct that "the understanding and practice of prayer shall be the re-birth of man's spirit." There are four parts and twenty chapters: Part I, "Jesus and Prayer"; Part II, "Prayer and the World"; Part III, "Prayer and Personality"; Part IV, "A Way of Prayer." Chapter VIII alone is worth twice the cost of the book—"The Bounds and Boundlessness of Prayer." A must and must now book for you and for me.

Dragon Seed, by Pearl S. Buck. (378 pp., The John Day Company, \$2.50.) This story will not add to the author's fame. In the last hundred and fifty pages it falls apart, goes off in all directions and never gets finished. Novels of Chinese life have received general and popular attention since "Good Earth" was worthily a best seller, but this novel does not add to the author's literary stature. In parts it has strength and beauty, but its "realism" and "maturity" are sometimes overdone. The author is a daughter of missionaries and was a missionary herself, but she seems now to have an anti-missionary complex. When all other writers on China at war pay tributes, even in this volume she manages a not-too-subtle unfriendliness.

Victorious Living, by E. Stanley Jones. (380 pp., Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, \$1.39.) Daily readings that come from the rich experience and profound faith of Stanley Jones. There is continuity in this volume, and each paragraph is material for at least one sermon. To date, this is, I think, the best of the Jones' library.

Young Ames, by Walter D. Edmonds. (350 pp., Little, Brown and Company, \$2.50.) The hero of this novel is a brash young man, but typically, romantically, and heroically an American. He wins in business and he wins in love—sometimes you wonder why. His life was a race against time, but he made connections. The author of *Drums Along the Mohawk* has written another!

Corn in Egypt, by Warwick Deeping. (290 pp., Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., \$2.50.) A dynamic, engrossing story; a mature novel in the field of absorbing, present-day interest. Not for a Sunday School library, but preachers and adult Sunday School teachers and leaders will be profited by the incidental, physiological and social study. Here is a book for a first ten in any year.

Four Years in Paradise, by Osa Johnson. (345 pp., J. B. Lipincott Company, \$3.50.) Her brilliantly successful earlier book has prepared the way for this one, written in lighter vein but with greater detail and added adventure. A challenging, thrilling, dramatic story of courage and devotion that stands back upon the foundations of Kansas pioneer stock. Humor and pathos sprinkle the pages. The illustrations are personal and authentic.

MARCH 1942

Mr. Churchill, by Philip Guedalla. (346 pp., Reynal & Hitchcock, \$3.00.) Here is the liquid, heroic story of the pulsing hour. For two generations Winston Churchill has both written and made history as no other man of our times. These pages are alive with his marching life. This is the first of the Churchill biographies in which the British Prime Minister rises steadily to his full stature—from the red-headed "naughtiest boy in the class" to the central figure and "bravest hope of freedom and democracy." Here is a book for every library and a story to be read by young and old alike.

These Shared His Power, by Edward McNeill Poteat. (180 pp., Harper & Brother, \$1.75.) This book is the best, the most reverent of a brilliant series by a very brilliant writer. I have not greatly cared for the others (which is very likely a confession of my own limitations). There has been for me a flippancy of pride in them not to be associated with themes so great and holy. But now comes the fulfillment of promise. You will miss much if you miss this volume.

Lonely Parade, by Fannie Hurst. (343 pp., Harper & Brother, \$2.50.) An unpleasant story of many frustrations. "Thar's gold in them thar hills," but an awful journey to get it. Among the words that gorge its pages are "gross," "vulgar," "profane," "obscene," "sadistic," "powerful," and the story is all of these with sometimes a poignant beauty strangely out of place. "Aunt . . . there are some things that just aren't said," and the sardonic, socially-minded "very mountain of a woman" replies, "That's why I am saying them. . . ." But for the reader there is neither intellectual nor spiritual profit in reading them. If this is the great novel some critics name it, then this particular reviewer still prefers the classics.

Gabriel and the Angels, by Theresa Townsend. (John C. Winston Co., \$2.00.) For the heavy atmosphere of these war clouded days, this book is a breath of fresh ozone. Young and old alike will have sheer enjoyment in reading it. A full length picture of the clergyman with his loyal son adorns the pages. Also, it is a first choice for church and Sunday School libraries.

Mission to Moscow, by Joseph E. Davies. (Simon & Schuster, pp. 659, \$3.00.) A veritable "must" book for every serious reader in the field of international relations. The author is discriminating, friendly and manifestly unbiased. His analysis of the famous and incredible Russian trials, is an outstanding psychological achievement. State documents and confidential letters are supplemented by liberal extracts from his personal diary and personal correspondence. It is our good fortune that breaking all precedent, the State Department released this material for the contemporary scene.

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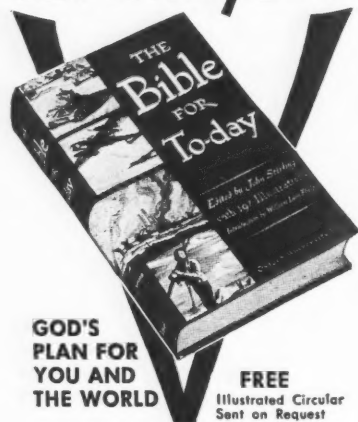
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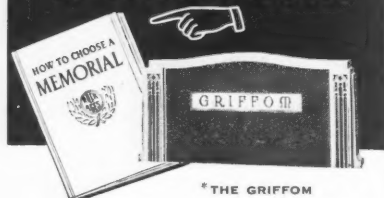
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(Continued from page 27)

speaks of how thin he is getting. But he says he isn't ill. I don't see him very often. He has spent some time at Marshall with David, and hardly ever comes into the store any more." She didn't add that her father had placed the blame directly on their friendliness to Elizabeth and Michael.

Elizabeth had grown pale and her hands shook as she tucked a curl back into place.

She unpacked her things and laid them in the bureau drawer. She moved slowly about the familiar room. She had spent many happy hours there with Rowena. "Michael wants to build a house soon. I can hardly wait until we are in it."

"How happy you and Michael are," mused Rowena. "I must tell you, Elizabeth, that Mr. Ellston has proposed marriage to me."

"He has!" Elizabeth turned quickly. "Oh, Rowena, and are you?"

"I can't! Not while I care for David." Tears started to her eyes and she turned her head away. "I've tried to stop, but it doesn't seem to do any good. I hardly ever see him since you're gone."

Elizabeth put her arm about Rowena's shoulders. "David will wake up some day."

"Not while he remembers you!" There was no trace of envy in her voice, merely tribute to the girl whom David loved. "But I'm so afraid—afraid that he will find someone else, someone in Marshall. He is going to run for the legislature next time, and Father says he stands a good chance to be elected."

Elizabeth's lips turned up quickly at the corners. That would be her father's doing! How many times she had heard him tell her mother that David was fitted for that. And, she conceded, no doubt about it, David was!

The Tamerlane picked up speed.

Arrow Rock was left far behind and at the next two stops, the crew worked furiously to gain more time.

"There's going to be a blow, or I miss my guess," said the pilot looking anxiously at the lowering of the black clouds.

"We'll outrun it, never fear!" said Michael. "Full steam ahead!"

Great volumes of black smoke came rolling and tumbling from the chimneys, and the smoke stacks became a dull red from the hurricane decks to the topmost tips.

"We'll never outrun it!" cried the mate above the roar.

The Tamerlane became a living, racing animal, fighting for time. The hissing steam from the escape valves told Michael that every drop in their boilers had been reduced to the highest pressure of steam.

The crew sweated and strained at fuel for the furnaces. The few passengers were deathly silent.

A blinding flash of lightning darted out a jagged, sickening tongue splintering the splendid glass of the pilot house.

"We're struck!"

"Dear God in heaven! The Tamerlane's on fire!"

"Fire!" The shriek was drowned out by the force of the wind which was upon them. It pushed against the careening boat with the weight of its rage. It threw firebrands over the ship and instantly it became a flaming inferno. The crew was trapped.



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3. A Red Cross School, sponsored by the local Red Cross chapter; promoted by a group of neighborhood churches and held in the church best equipped to care for the school. Profits to go to the Red Cross.

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Their sobbing, screaming prayers were never heard above the roar. Michael pulled the unconscious pilot to the side of the rail. It was too late.

A deafening explosion rocked him and blackness descended.

Bits of splintered wood floated on the water, but the Tamerlane was no more. The wind abated almost as soon as it had sprung up, and the river lay serene again. A piece of cloth drifted down with the current; it was caught in an eddy and flung upon a stick which in turn caught in the branches of a fallen tree. The cloth was the Tamerlane's flag and now it hung mockingly as if at half mast from the stick which had been a part of the paddle boxes and bore the letters, "TAMER.".

Days later, Elizabeth sat wide-eyed still waiting for the Tamerlane which had not come in on schedule. The hours crept by slowly, and she watched the clock anxiously.

Every footstep on the piazza made her jump with the expectancy of Michael's arrival. In dismay she sought the parlor. She had slept but little the night before, and so she dozed fitfully in the big chair by the window.

Mr. Barton's voice awakened her. He had just come in from the store. Elizabeth could hear Rowena's gentle sobbing, and her mother's low voice.

"I can't tell her, Mother. Father will have to." Rowena's voice was broken with strangling grief.

"I'm a strong man, Mother, but I haven't the iron heart to tell that child her husband is no more."

A cold shudder shook Elizabeth's body. She pressed her hands to her temples. What a terrible dream! She shook her head and started to her feet. Listen...

"Of course, it was the Tamerlane—but only charred timbers floated about. Here's a bit of the flag. It had caught on a stick from the paddleboxes with part of the name on it. Poor lad!"

"But was no one saved?"

Elizabeth's numb feet carried her to the door.

"No one was found alive. All must have been killed when the boilers exploded. But—"

Elizabeth stood in the doorway, her eyes asking the question she had to know. Her white face was of stone, her eyes dilated. Then her hands caught at her heart as she swayed toward them. Rowena ran to her, and Mr. Barton sprang forward.

"Michael?" The cry was torn from her white lips.

"You must be brave, Elizabeth. I'd rather cut off my right arm than to see you so grieved. All were lost."

"The smelling salts, my dear!" Rowena's mother cried as Elizabeth's head sank back. Mr. Barton carried her to the couch and rubbed her cold hands. Black circles from the sleepless night already shadowed her eyes.

"I don't want to come back," she sobbed, when they had seen the first sign of consciousness returning.

Dr. Sappington stood by with his hand on his brow, and Rowena sat near with the tears staining her swollen cheeks.

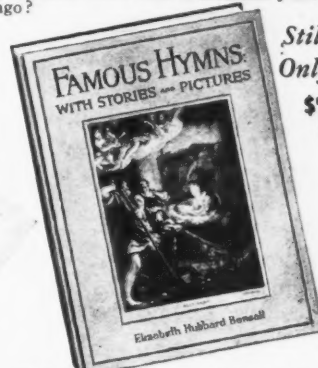
"Oh, Michael, Michael. Your son will never see your dear black hair and shining eyes."

(Concluded next month)

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(Continued from page 39)

the speed maniac, deliver us from the man who drives like he was making a slow-motion picture on the open road." But what of us? Are we slow-motion disciples? Think of the urgency and devotion which marked Christ's service.

"O Master, let me walk with Thee, in lowly paths of service free. Tell me Thy secret; help me bear the strain of toil, the fret of care." Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 17

"TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST."
READ PHILIPPIANS 1:12-21.

TODAY is known to multitudes as St. Patrick's day. A famous prayer of the patron saint of Ireland is worthy of note. "I bind this day to me for ever, by power of faith, Christ's Incarnation; His baptism in Jordan river; His death on cross for my salvation; His bursting from the spiced tomb; His riding up the heavenly way; His coming at the day of doom: I bind unto myself today. Christ be with me, Christ within me, Christ behind me, Christ before me, Christ beside me, Christ to win me, Christ to comfort and restore me."

Blessed Christ, help us to live in obedience that Thou mayest be everything to us, as we mean everything to Thee. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18

"IN YOUR PATIENCE POSSESS YE YOUR SOULS."
READ LUKE 21:10-19.

IT MAY be true. We have no means of checking it. But it is said that very few positions of any importance are occupied by men who hold down the horn button in a traffic jam. That sounds feasible. It really means that no one climbed very high who had no self-control or patience to endure and wait!

Grant us "That peace which suffers and is strong, trusts where it cannot see, deems not the trial way too long, but leaves the end with Thee." Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19

"I THANK THEE THAT I AM NOT AS OTHER MEN."
READ LUKE 18:9-14.

DO YOU ever look at people in hospital, or other unfortunates, and say, "I thank Thee?" As the poet says: "When my luck seems all out, and I'm down in the mouth; when I'm stuck in the North and I want to go South; when the world seems a blank and there's no one to love, and it seems that blue skies are no longer above, I've a cure for my grouch, and it works like a shot—I just think of things that I'm glad I am not."

Gracious God, fill our hearts with gladness and thankfulness for the blessings we enjoy in Christ our Lord. In the name of Him who died for us.—Amen.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 20

"THOU HAST THE WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE."

READ JOHN 6:66-71.

SOMEONE consulted Bruce Barton about publishing a religious book. Barton looked over the manuscript, and soon gave his opinion. It was negative. "I know what kind of words move the world. For example, 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.' Contrast these simple words with a phrase from your book: 'The definitely anticipatory value of the self-protecting mechanism of covenant obligations. . . .'" Bruce Barton was right. That is why the gracious words of Jesus, simple yet profound, touch the heart and bless the soul.

That Thou dost speak that we may hear, and hearing understand, and understanding obey, we praise Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21

"THE HOLY SCRIPTURES . . . MAKE THEE WISE."

READ II TIMOTHY 3:10-17.

IT HAS been said that "If you would choose the choicest book, select the one that's soiled and worn; and as you finger through its leaves you'll note how they are curled and torn. The book by use acquired these marks which show on every leaf and page, as eager eyes have scanned the text to garner wisdom for the age." Is that true of the Book of all books?

Create in our hearts, O Lord, a hunger and thirst for righteousness that, in Thy Word, we may find our resources. Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22

"LEARN OF ME."

READ MATTHEW 11:25-30.

NO ONE can make us better, wiser, or more competent. It is our right, if we so choose, to remain ignorant of the gracious promises of God, of the help He has put within our reach. It is our right to remain oblivious to the privileges which Christ has conferred on those whom He has redeemed. Yet it is not right to exercise that right. No sensible person would choose weakness and ineffectiveness when he might be valiant for Christ.

O Lord, help us to help ourselves. In learning of Thee in fellowship, and through Thy Word, cometh grace. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 23

"SEEKEST THOU GREAT THINGS?"

READ JEREMIAH 45:1-5.

WE ALL have had our childish dreams of being someone of importance, or achieving some great thing. But suppose real greatness is clad in everyday garb? "Not once in life, perhaps, 'tis ours to reach a long-sought goal; but we may pause beside the road to help another soul. Not once to us may come the call

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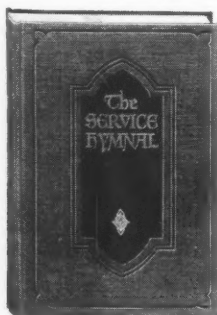
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to play the hero's part; but we, perchance, may speak some word of courage to some heart."

Give us grace to see the value of every day's service, O Master. Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 24

"WHAT HE HAD PROMISED."
READ ROMANS 4:20-25.

A UNIVERSITY instituted an inquiry among its students. Why were some people disliked by their associates on the campus? Various replies were given. The one which headed the list was failure to keep one's word. That is significant. We should never promise what we cannot do; but once it has been given, we should always keep our promise.

Thy promises to us, O Father, are Thy pledge. Help us likewise to be as dependable toward our fellow men.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25

"PUT THOU MY TEARS INTO THY BOTTLE."
READ PSALM 56:1-9.

THE sea is becoming more salt every year. That is because, while the water evaporates, the salt remains. But our tears, be they visible or not, are as salt as any we shed in childhood. But our griefs and disappointments are all seen and known to our gracious Saviour. So we have but to turn to Him to find comfort and strength.

O Thou whose grace is all-sufficient, Thou canst help us in our darkest hours. Enable us to entrust our needs to Thee.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26

"HAVING GIFTS DIFFERING."
READ ROMANS 12:1-11.

SHAKESPEARE says, "One man in his time plays many parts." That is true of us all. Life is so varied, and its demands so many, that, as Christians, we must be prepared to adapt ourselves. We can do so. Strive today to play your own personal part—and do it well.

Thou hast entrusted Thy gifts unto us, dear Lord. And while Thou dost vary the tasks, help us to be faithful. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27

"BE NOT AS THE MULE."
READ PSALM 32.

AN OKLAHOMA man tells that, as a boy, he was plowing with a mule. He happened to say, "Haw" at the end of the furrow, when he should have said, "Gee." His father berated him soundly. "You have to remember, that mules aren't mind-readers. What is more, you will never be a mule driver unless you have more sense than a mule." It is stupid when we let other people change our course. We are meant to be ourselves—and God's!

Strengthen us, O Father, to be true to

conscience. Then in obedience we shall be free to serve Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28

"THE WORDS OF THE WISE."
READ PROVERBS 1:1-10.

THIS is sound counsel for today—and every day. "You will never be sorry for hearing before judging, for thinking before speaking, for holding an angry tongue, for stopping the ear to a tale-bearer, for being kind to the distressed, for speaking evil of no one, for doing good to everyone, for asking pardon for all wrongs, for being courteous, for being kind to dumb animals"—and to those not so dumb!

Guide us by Thy good Spirit, O Saviour. Help us to go out of our way to bring gladness to others. Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 29

"WHO IS THIS KING OF GLORY?"
READ PSALM 24.

WHO is this? The question was heard on all sides, as the lowly Monarch, seated upon an ass, rode into Jerusalem. Some regarded Him scornfully as an agitator. To others, He was the marvelous fulfillment of God's prophecy. The important point, however, is what is He to us?

Blessed Lord, take Thy royal sway over our lives as Redeemer and King. Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 30

"WE SEE JESUS."
READ HEBREWS 2:5-12.

HOLY WEEK is like an imposing hallway, leading to the throne-room of some ancient palace. It brings us, step by step, to the central facts of the Christian faith: the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus, the Saviour of the world. In these troublous days, when the forces of evil still range the earth, we need to focus reverent thought upon the only Hope for the race. That is Christ Jesus, the unique Son of God who wrought eternal salvation for us.

Guide us, O gracious Spirit, as we follow our Saviour's footsteps this week. For His sake, Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31

"BROKEN DOWN THE MIDDLE WALL."
READ EPHESIANS 2:13-22.

THAT famous wall, sixteen hundred miles long, which was built centuries ago to keep out the enemies of China, is out of date. Therefore, some time ago, contractors were asked for bids to tear it down. But what of that wall which kept the estranged sinner from the Father's forgiving grace? That wall has been demolished by the wondrous atonement of Jesus.

Blessed be Thy name, O Saviour, for Thy love toward us. Amen.

Thousands Relieve Constipation, with Ease for Stomach, too

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MARCH 1942

COMMENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

For Sunday School Teachers
Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

MARCH 1

"IF THE Bible were all stories, I would like to read it," was the frank, bold statement of a boy of fifteen who was resisting a call to daily Bible study. In the boy's words lay a great truth. Stories usually have to do with people, and people are alive, thinking, going, doing.

Jesus knew this secret. That is why He is called "the master Teacher." To illustrate, Jesus wanted to teach about the Kingdom of God, which will come when all men will wish to do the things that God has laid down as good. Instead of making assertions about it, He used a familiar comparison. "When a man plants a seed in the ground," He said, "he can go about his work knowing that the seed will develop into a plant and bring fruit by natural processes which he does not need to provide. The Kingdom of God is like that. It is already planted in the hearts of men and is growing. Man may encourage its growth, and help it along, but he does not make it grow."

Perhaps there is something to the parables, after all.

MARCH 8

PEOPLE who are in position to know declare that liquor drinking is on the increase. Statistics of manufacture, sales, money spent for liquor, and income derived from liquor taxes all seem to be larger for each six months' or annual period than they were for the preceding period.

Why do so many intelligent persons drink?

In a very helpful pamphlet, "Youth Faces the Liquor Problem" (a publication of Allied Youth) the following answers are given to this question: "1. They are not convinced by the scientist's claim that alcohol is injurious. 2. The temporary satisfactions obtained from drinking seem to the moderate drinker to outweigh any apparent ill effects. 3. By drinking the sharp edge is taken off reality. 4. There is a certain form of prestige that goes with drinking. 5. There is still a widely prevailing opinion that alcohol is a medicine. 6. It is hard to refuse the invitation of friends. 7. Drink puts life into any party. 8. Many young people are indifferent to social risks."

Or, to put the answer in another way, one could make it threefold: (1) Habit and excuse. (2) A false estimate of drink's power. (3) It is the basis of social standing. "Everybody's doing it" provides the social urge. Parties and family gatherings are based upon it, school and club functions cater to it, and the desire to be like other persons leads good young people to indulgence.

MARCH 15

WERE you ever in a storm at sea? If you were in a modern ocean liner,

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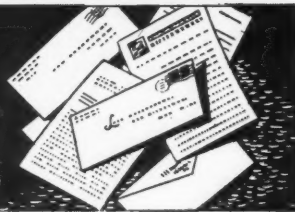
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We open our MAIL



Edited by PAUL MAYNARD

Congratulations, Dr. Sheldon

On February 26th, Dr. Chas. M. Sheldon was eighty-five years old. We are sure he will appreciate any letters or messages from *Christian Herald* readers, with whom he has long been a favorite. His address is 1621 College Ave., Topeka, Kansas.

Church Unity

Glasgow, Mont.

Dear Editor:

On page four, in "Our Platform" you are for "Church unity; that it may be increasingly a reality." On the opposite page you carry a large ad advocating that individual churches patronize their own publishing houses.

I am strong for Church union, and against denominationalism—that blot on Protestantism—but this is pulling away from it.

Lesson material is not all equally good. None but the best should be purchased no matter whose the publishing house. If some publishing houses are being encoached upon, why do they not put their energies to work improving still more the methods and materials, and make them the same for all the churches? Are they not teaching the same Christ?

J. P. H.

We would like to hear from other readers on this interesting point.

Welcome Back

Savageton, Wyo.

Dear Editor:

For the last few months my brother and I have been reading *Christian Herald*, after having been without the magazine for years. *Christian Herald* was read in our Iowa home when we were boys. I liked it then and I like it now.

The pages by Dr. Poling and Gabriel Courier I like most and I read them whether I get to read more or not. The views and advice of men who are thoroughly Christian, who are well learned in general, and who are ever keeping abreast of the times, as I believe these two men to be, are well worth considering.

Christian Herald is a stabilizer. It helps make Christianity seem more practical and worthwhile.

Clyde Ludington

Christianity is the only hope of the world. If you and we can make it seem more practical, more worthwhile—more necessary in the lives of men, we can save humanity.

This Month's Cover

Our cover this month represents the chancel window in the new chapel at Alma College, Michigan. It is composed of the

Coats of Arms of some of the historic churches of Protestantism. The panels commemorate the names, dates and events which make our Protestant heritage glorious. Remembered in the window are great churches like the Huguenot, the German, Dutch, Scotch, and Hungarian Reformed, the Church of Geneva, the Puritans, the Waldensians, and many others.

Homer Croy

Burlington Junction, Mo.

Dear Editor:

In your January number under "A Distinguished Company" on page two—you credit the state of Maryland as the birthplace of Homer Croy. Homer Croy was born and grew to manhood on a farm northwest of Maryville, Nodaway County, Missouri. I did not know him personally as I did later his brother and parents but have seen him many times as a boy, as his home and mine were both about the same distance, though in different directions, from a little village called Wilcox where we attended church services regularly and he occasionally, as his people were members of a country church of another denomination nearby.

His book "West of the Water Tower" is supposed to be from our local community and carries some names of characters of the time. The Maryville Water tower was a great thing in our young days. We are proud of our former citizen as we are of others of our section who have gone out and made good in various ways.

Alice M. Peters

Thanks for this justified criticism—and the nice letter. Maryville, Mo. is correct. He now lives in Tombstone, Arizona.

One Foot in Heaven

Manhattan, Kansas

Dear Editor:

Permit me to express my gratitude for the ever welcome visits of *Christian Herald*. This will be the thirty-ninth year that we have had the privilege of its inspiration, education and very dependable information.

And let me add my highest praise for the great privilege of seeing the picture ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN. May we have more like it.

Mrs. H. H. Hammerly

Let's see what United Artists does with The Keys of the Kingdom.

Geography Reversed

Byron Center, Mich.

Dear Editor:

When the February issue of *Christian Herald* came to me and I looked at the cover, I blinked and squinted, trying to figure out what made a familiar scene look so unfamiliar, and then I realized the picture of the Rushmore memorial was printed

"in reverse." The rest of the issue is 100%.
Mrs. J. Verbeek

That's what comes from our never having been in South Dakota. Unlike paintings, color photographs can be reversed. We found out our error too late to do anything about it. Lincoln Borglum, the son of the late Gutzon Borglum has just completed this memorial.

Ministers—Please Note

297—4th Avenue
N. Y. C.

Dear Editor:

The Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches is gathering information concerning preaching in wartime in the United States. This is part of an ecumenical study initiated by the Study Department of the World Council of Churches. At present we are trying to collect as many sermons as possible preached immediately following the attack on Pearl Harbor. From ministers who have on hand the texts of their sermons we should be glad to have abstracts of sermons preached on December 14—or subsequently—in which America's entrance into the war was discussed.

I am taking this way of informing ministers who are readers of *Christian Herald* of my desire to receive such documents. I will appreciate your giving publicity to the request.

F. Ernest Johnson
Executive Secretary

We consider this a most valuable contribution and we hope thousands of ministers will comply with this request.

News—A Month Old

Newark Valley, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

From 1880 to 1911 the writer was engaged in the newspaper business—country weekly and country daily. In all that time we made condensed news of the world a prominent feature of our papers, our pattern, at first, being the two short items of news we had, each week, as a boy, read in the Youth's Companion of the 70s.

For the thirty years since quitting the newspaper business we have been a daily reader of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and have long read that excellent news weekly, *Time*, but, for extra condensed news and its interpretation, such as a monthly has space for, we have never seen anything of the kind to equal that of *Christian Herald*. Especially good samples of that work are shown in the February number, in reporting the war in "The East" and your answer to "Where's the Fleet."

G. E. Purple

Shh!! Don't tell Mr. Courier about this—he may want a raise.

BUY DEFENSE BONDS

It is the duty of every American to buy Defense Stamps and Bonds. Stamps can be purchased for as low as 10 cents and bonds for as low as \$18.75. You can apply stamps toward the purchase of bonds. The Bonds pay interest and are redeemable in 10-12 years. After sixty days they can be turned in for cash at any post office. Stamps and bonds can be purchased in all post offices and many other places.

The Editor

you probably were not much afraid.

There are two unusual aspects to that storm on the Sea of Galilee long ago when Jesus was asleep in the stern of the disciples' boat. The first is that His friends should be afraid at all when He was with them. The second is that when He arose and spoke the simple words, "Peace, be still!" there came not only the calm of the wind, but the calm of the water, whereas the expected action of the sea is to remain in uproar for several hours.

It seems so unreal when we discuss the nature of the demons that held in their grasp the demoniac of the Gospel story. But the demons at work today are not unreal. It is as fatal to have an evil temper as to have a demon. It is no simple matter to have a nasty tongue, speaking vulgar and profane words or those which are sharp and cutting to those who hear them. It is a very serious thing to have the demon of appetite which leads its victims to strong drink or tobacco.

MARCH 22

WHY are so many emotions aroused by the operations of selective service? Why is there such excitement over the working of the draft law and the preparation to go to training camp? Boys have been going off to college and to the city to work through the years, and no great amount of sentiment has been stirred up. Is not the answer found in the fact that every selectee looms as a possible casualty in war?

To predict one's own death is so rare an act that it stands out boldly. It was so with Jesus. He chose a time when personal enthusiasm ran high.

Had Jesus announced His coming death before the Great Confession, it is unlikely that the latter would ever have been spoken. For how would men looking for the Messiah choose one who by his own statement was bound for the grave? Yet with that great commitment made a part of the record for their lives, it was necessary that the disciples hear the truth about the future of their Leader.

MARCH 29

IN THE history of an individual or of a nation there are a few points that stand out above all others as indicating some great decisions, some changes in program.

Jesus had such days, too. Steadily can His progress be traced by single events which loom like mountain peaks. To be counted prominently among them is the day of Transfiguration, when Jesus for a time discarded His earthly form and walked and talked with other heavenly beings. The purpose of this strange event was to impress the three disciples present with Christ's heavenly connections.

How this purpose was borne out is easy to imagine. In the six months between the Transfiguration and the Cross there must have been many times when the going was hard. The faith of the disciples was severely tested, especially as their Master was saying that He was on the way to His death. How could He follow such a path and at the same time be the Messiah? When doubt would come, any one of the three (Peter, James, John) could say, "Anyway, we know that He is divine. We saw Him as a heavenly being."

MARCH 1942




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After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



How He Described It

It was the first time a Chinese boy had seen a piano, and he tried to describe it to a friend in pidgin English. Them box, he said, you fight him in teeth. He cry.

—Exchange.

Why He Came Back

Proprietor—What do you want? I fired you two weeks ago.

Clerk—I came back to see if you were still in business.

—Lookout.

Don't Ask Us

On a little service station away out on the edge of a western desert there hangs a shingle, bearing this strange legend: "Don't ask us for information. If we knew anything we wouldn't be here."

—Watchword.

Cause for Mourning

Undertaker: Are you one of the mourners?

Scotsman: I am, sir. The deceased owed me \$10.

—Stray Stories.

Perfect Alibi

"You say you have a complete answer to this charge of wife-beating?"

"Yes, sir; she ain't my wife."

—Stray Stories.

Keep It Secret

Mrs. Brown—She told me that you told her the secret I told you not to tell her.

Mrs. Green—The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her.

Mrs. Brown—Well, don't tell her that I told you she told me.

—Exchange.

He Settled

Tourist: Do many strangers settle around here?

Tourist Home Proprietor: They all settle. An' them without no more baggage than you have got have to settle in advance.

—Stray Stories.

Deserves Something

Lady—I guess you're getting a good thing out of attending the Smith boy, aren't you, Doctor?

"Yes, I get a pretty good fee. Why?"

"Well, I'm hoping that you won't forget that my boy Johnnie threw the brick that hit him."

—Lookout.

The Difference

Johnny Jones: "Dad, what is the difference between a cat and a comma?"

Elder Jones: "I don't know; what is it, Johnny?"

Johnny: "A cat has claws at the end of its paws, while a comma is a pause at the end of a clause."

—Our Dumb Animals.

Why, Indeed?

Tour Guide (in Boston): On your right you see a tablet marking the spot where Paul Revere stood waiting for the signal to be hung in the Old North Church.

Sightseer—Oh, dear, what a shame! Why did they have to pick a church to hang him in?

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

Sad Story

Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold)—I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died.

Silence for ten seconds.

Voice From the Rear—Where's his sled?

—Watchword.

Flattering Him

It was cleaning day at the menagerie and the animals had to be shifted into fresh cages. Patrick was assisting with the transfer of an hyena.

"Stiddy, there, lion," he quavered.

"What's the idea," asked an attendant, "calling that hyena a lion?"

"Have ye no tact? Can't ye see I'm flattering the baste?"

—Exchange.

He Knew 'Em

A general and a colonel were walking down the street. They met many privates, and each time the colonel would salute he would mutter, "The same to you."

The general's curiosity was soon aroused and he asked, "Why do you always say that when you salute a private?"

The colonel answered, "I was once a private and I know what they are thinking."

—Kablegrams.

Strange Coincidence

Blushing, she hid her face on her father's shoulder.

"He loves me," she said.

"Then I suppose he wants to marry you?"

"Yes, Dad."

"What's his income?"

"I don't know," she murmured, "but the coincidence is very strange."

"What coincidence?"

"Sebastian," she answered, "asked the very same question about your income."

—Exchange.